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In Heaven &c.



BY
C. H. SPURGEON
J. ANGELL JAMES
OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D. D.



IN HEAVEN.

I love to think of heaven, where I shall meet
My fellow-travellers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturb'd ;
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love ;
But where my heart anticipates the sight
Of God *Incaruate*, wearing on His side,
And hands, and feet, those marks of love divine
Which He on Calvary for me endured.
All heaven beside is swallow'd up in this ;
And He who is my hope of heaven below,
Appears the glory of my heaven above.

SWAINE.

“IN HEAVEN:”

**GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE AND HAPPINESS OF
THE GLORIFIED.**



BY

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PREFACE.

THE Compiler begs to return his grateful thanks to the gifted Authors whose writings enrich the pages of this volume.

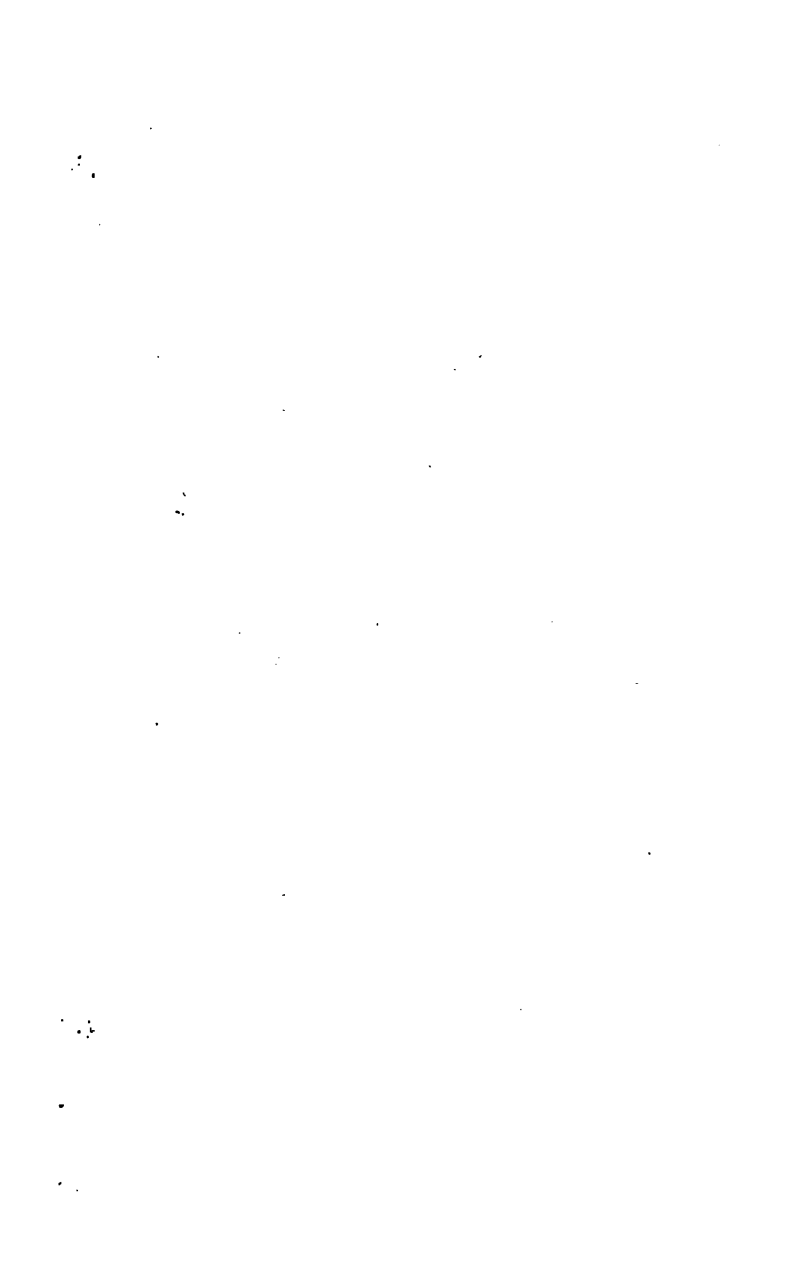
This book is published for a religious object ; and it is earnestly hoped that all who see it will recommend it to their friends.





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The Dying Christian.

Ps. xxiii. 4.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with *me*; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

1 COR. xv. 55-57.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Ps. cxvi. 15.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

PHIL. i. 21.

"For me to live is Christ, *but to die is gain.*"

NUM. xxiii. 10.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee :
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth,
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done,—praise Him for ever.



THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COLEY, WESLEYAN
MINISTER.

“To die is gain.”—PHIL. i. 21.

“**T**O die is gain,” was never written in the book of man till it was written in the book of God. When Socrates, the greatest of heathen philosophers, had been condemned by his enemies to drink the cup of poison, he said, “Whether to die or to live is better, the gods only know.” The martyrs did not go like that to the fires. They sang “with stout heart and courage good, For me to die is gain.” The Bible teaches that truth. Plato had some inkling of the truth, that the

soul would not die; but he could not say, "To die is gain." There were some who taught that the soul, at the death of the body, passed into a state of slumber till the judgment, and the notion has been revived of late by some who should have known better. Now, would Paul have said, "To die is gain," if it meant simply becoming unconscious? would he in his career of triumph want to get out of consciousness? Oh, no; to depart and be with Christ, that was his desire. You may employ this text by way of self-examination. How can you say, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain," ye sinful seekers after pleasure, who love pleasure more than God? What is life to you? What is the world to you? It is a playing-ground; life is a sporting time. Does that enable you to say, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain?" Or ~~that~~ that live merely to twitter like the grasshopper, or sing like the nightingale, or dress like the butterfly,—can you say that "to die is gain?" Nor you, who are toiling after the world's wealth and power, for you to live is not Christ, and death would take you from all that is most dear to your hearts.

Have any of you been bereaved of believing

friends or children? Think you of the comfort here,—Jesus has taken your dear ones *home*. You wept; it was right to weep, but Jesus wiped the tear away. The poor pagan cannot say, “To die is gain.” A poor pagan in India, who was dying, asked the priest, “Where will my soul go?” He replied, according to their notions, “Into another body.” But leaping over the life of the next body, he asked, “And where then?” The reply was, “Into thousands and thousands of bodies.” But the mind can leap over thousands and thousands and thousands, in a moment, and the dying man asked, “When the thousands and thousands and thousands are gone, where then?” There was none to answer. Ah! make haste to send the Gospel to the poor dark heathen, that they may have light—may know of the blessed Jesus.

It is not gain to die if Popery be true. What a horrid doctrine the doctrine of purgatory is—that when even believing people die, they must pass through the fires of purgatory before they get into heaven! I dare say you have noticed that eight-tenths of the Protestant tracts that are published have something in them about a happy death. But you never find anything in Popish

tracts about happy deaths. Popery cannot get up a happy death. A man cannot say that to die is gain when he believes he has to go through the fires of purgatory. There was a lady in the city of London, who had been brought up in the Popish faith, and had been taught the doctrine of purgatory. She possessed a very sensitive and refined mind, and the dreadful thought of purgatory distracted her both by night and by day. That dreadful dream was ever before her. She went at last to her priest, and asked him whether there was any possibility of escaping purgatory. He replied, "The Blessed Virgin did not go there, and the great saints did not; but such humble Christians as you and I cannot expect to escape." He gave her special books of devotion to read, and tried to console her, but the thought of purgatory crushed her spirit and wore her away. Well, she was going one Sunday through Regent's Park, and it happened that there was a man preaching there. She had never heard a Protestant sermon in her life, and as she drew near she heard the preacher cry out at the top of his voice, "There are but two places, heaven and hell; there are but two places, heaven and hell." The words seemed as if they

bound her with a spell. She stopped to listen ; and when the service came to its close, with great concern she addressed a gentleman near to her, saying, " Sir, could you tell me who the minister is ? " He somewhat flippantly answered her, " Some Hindstreeter, I suppose. " She found out where that chapel is, and there heard about the precious blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Then her doubts and fears were gone. " To depart and be with Christ, which is far better. " Oh, may God give you strong faith in Christ !

It is not gain to worldly men to die. When first Edmund Burke was candidate for Bristol, in the very heat of the election, his opponent died, and it was then that that great man said, " What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue ! " When Sir Robert Peel died very suddenly—and you remember what a shade was cast over society by his death—in the House of Commons, some hon. and learned member said, " The life of the wisest and strongest is but like the flickering flame of a lamp that a sudden gust may blow out. " Ah, frail creatures that we are ! Poor worldly man, an awful thing is death to thee. It may come in a moment. You often

meet with those who shut their Bibles up, and say, "We can do without them;" is it "gain" for an infidel to die? Ah! how the world's lamps burn dim as they come to the mouth of the grave. There was a young man who had been trained up in a godly manner, and had been sent away to a neighbouring town to be instructed in business. He fell in with a knot of infidel young fellows, and they laughed his faith away. A great many more are laughed out of their faith than ever get argued out of it. Some could go to the stake for Christ who could not go to the pillory for Him. Oh, young people, if you let the laugh of fools get you into hell, remember that the laugh of fools cannot get you out again. They laughed away his faith. His mother, a godly woman, was taken ill. He loved his mother. There was no regular coach, and he got some conveyance and travelled all night that he might get to where she was; and he got there just as the sun was rising. His sister was at the door, dismissing a kind friend who had been passing the night in vigil with the mother. He speedily went up-stairs, and into the quiet chamber. He drew aside the curtain, and looked upon his mother's face, so pale and motionless

that he at first thought she had gone, and he was about to exclaim that his mother was dead, but was relieved by seeing a beautiful smile pass over her countenance, and half opening her eyes, she said, "Oh, I thought I was there." He inquired, "Where, mother?" In the dim twilight of the morning she did not recognise her son, and thought it was one of her other children who spoke. "Where, mother?" "Hark!"—he leant forward anxious not to lose a word—

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'"

"I come," said she, "to join your everlasting song." You cannot tell how his heart felt that, as he thought, "Well, what consolation these Christian people get after all!" His eyes were full of tears, and he turned away; he thought it unmanly to weep. Young men, there is a great deal of that nonsense. Never be ashamed of shedding tears of tenderness. The tears of a tender heart are the jewellery of our humanity. Away with the stony heart that cannot weep at a mother's bedside. I don't envy the man who never sheds a tear. He turned away, and took up a book that was lying in the window, and

thought to get a little calmer by reading; but he heard his mother whisper again, and he could hear her saying the words of the hymn:—

“Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wish’d below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.”

He now felt that he must try to relieve himself, and, opening the book, thought he would read a little; but the first words that caught his eye were these,—

“Dost thou feel these arguments, Lorenzo?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?”

He looked at the book: it was Dr Young’s “Infidel Reclaimed.” He threw it down; he could bear no more, and went down-stairs. While he was partaking of refreshment which in the interim had been provided, his sister began to tell of what God had been doing for her soul. It was well that he had been up-stairs, or she would have been met with torrents of ridicule. Every morsel he ate seemed to grow in his throat. Presently his mother felt her life ebbing out. She heard that he had arrived. It was the desire

of her heart to see him, and her other children. They were all summoned into her apartment, and when they had got into the chamber, she called the youngest to her bedside, and spoke some words of affection, and gave some token of her dying love, and prayed God's blessing on her youngest; and so she went on till she came to her first-born. The children sat weeping, and nothing was heard save the sob of almost broken hearts. She did not call for her son, and at last he thought, "My mother knows I am an infidel." He wished for some kind words from his mother, but he could not bear that silence, and he rose up and went towards the door to make his escape, the tears running between the fingers which covered his face. But the eye of the mother followed, and her undying love yearned over him, and she cried, "My son, my son;" and he came and knelt by her bed-side. She said, "I know you doubt; but I see a world of spirits bright, and

' Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.'

Would you have your mother now give up these bright hopes for the dark creed of Voltaire and

Paine? O my son," said she, drawing out from under her pillow her much-worn, much-loved Bible, "take that as the last gift of love from your mother. Take that blessed volume; it has been the cruse that has given sustenance to her in the day of her thirst, the staff on which she has leaned, the oil of her lamp; and God grant that, although you doubt now, it may be your lamp and staff too." I need not tell you that young man buried all his infidelity in his mother's grave. Ah, it was gain to her to die. Cyprian tells that one night he saw a majestic person coming to him, and this majestic person said, "What can I do for thee? If thou complainest of thy sufferings, why art thou not willing that I should end them?" Death, blessed be God, is the last enemy. It is gain to die.

Then, again, think of the struggle at the last moment. Sometimes God allows the last struggle to be a very heavy one. It makes heaven all the brighter. When the guide takes the traveller to see the grotto of Pharos, he drops his torch, as if by accident, when they are in the darkest spot, and the traveller, fearing that he will never get out, has to go upon his hands and knees, creeping through narrow passages, when suddenly he

emerges into the magnificent grotto lit up by five hundred lamps. Why was the torch extinguished? Just to make the grotto look more beautiful. And sometimes a dark death-struggle is but the gloomy passage just before you come into the glory of the redeemed. It is gain to die.

But chiefly is it so because it is the meeting-place with Christ. One of the martyrs in Queen Mary's time experienced this. The Lord says, "I will come and receive you to myself." Most of the martyrs went joyously to Smithfield, but this man did not, and the monks and priests said, "That man will recant." He walked in melancholy mood to Smithfield, and on reaching the place, was as one in a muse. When he had stood thus for a while he suddenly clasped his hands, and burst out, "He is come, He is come!" "Who is come?" "Why, Jesus, to be sure. He said, 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.'" He waited till the proper place of tryst had been found, and Jesus was true to His promise.

When Hugh M'Kail, who suffered for the truth in Edinburgh, was about to mount the scaffold, his father and mother and many friends

me to die is gain." Not only the poor woman in the workhouse, but the crowned queen could say, "To die is gain." It is a blessed thing to have the Christian's hope.

ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,

One by one.

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by one.

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown ;

Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down,

And, clothed in white raiment, they rest on the
mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His children to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,

One by one.

Through the waters of death they enter life,

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on the way to the heavenly hill ;
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled—
One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river's side,
One by one.

We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream ;
Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go—
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one.

We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet may hold ;
Thou who didst pass through in dark midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light—
One by one

Plant Thou thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one.
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind ;
Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through—
One by one.

THE EMANCIPATED SPIRIT.

O change ! O wondrous change !
Burst are the prison-bars—
This moment there—so low,
In mortal prayer—and now,
Beyond the stars !

O change ! stupendous change !
There lies the senseless clod ;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Awakes with God !

Heaven.

2 COR. v. 1.

"For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

REV. xxi. 1-3.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

1 JOHN iii. 2.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

Know ye that better land
Where care's unknown?
Know ye that blessed land
Around the throne?
There, there is happiness!
There streams of purest bliss;
There, there are rest and peace—
There, there alone!

Yes, yes, we know that place!
We know it well;
Eye hath not seen His face,
Tongue cannot tell.
There are the angels bright,
There saints enrobed in white;
All, all, are clothed in light—
There, there they dwell!

Oh! we are weary here,
A little band;
Yet soon in glory there
We hope to stand.
Then let us haste away!
Speed o'er this world's dark way,
Unto that land of day—
That better land!



HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON OF KENSINGTON.

H EAVEN is represented in the New Testament as a social state. Jesus speaks of it as His Father's house where there "are many mansions." Paul alludes to "the family of heaven," and to "the innumerable company, the spirits of the just made perfect, and the assembly of the church of the first-born." John brings before us an immense multitude, redeemed out of every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, constituting, with the angelic hosts, the community of the skies.

Man is formed for social life. Unfitted for the solitude of the desert, his energies expand, his character improves, his joys are multiplied

and heightened in society. The distinguishing principles of human nature will no doubt be preserved in heaven, and social tendencies will there find perpetual and undisturbed sources of gratification. Some persons conceive of heaven as the furthest possible removed from earth—as affording a contrast to it in every respect. But does not the Scripture revelation of the future, under all kinds of images drawn from the present life, rather lead us to believe, that hereafter our condition will resemble what it is now, so far as that can be consistently with perfect holiness and perfect bliss? Is not this, too, most in harmony with the beautiful belief, that the eternal life of the Christian is one only: spent in different worlds and under different conditions? Is it not also most rational and probable in itself? And certainly it is a view most calculated to interest our minds, and to attach our thoughts to the subject. Some have the habit of representing heaven in a way which, though they may think it very grand and sublime, is very uninviting to human creatures.

Vast as must be the difference, in many respects, between the glorified condition of the saints and everything they have experienced

here,—yet I doubt whether there may not be more resemblance between the two states—the earthly and the heavenly—than some suppose. Sins and infirmities will, of course, be excluded from that better world—the enjoyments and perfections of sincere Christians will be immensely heightened—but, if we look on the brightest and purest spots of human nature, and human life as it is here, we may be led to form, I think, no unreasonable conjectures as to some things that will be hereafter.

The society of heaven will comprehend at least the myriads of the redeemed. All the excellent of the earth will form one family. Bearing in mind the intellectual and moral nature of the redeemed in glory, we see at once that the communion of heaven must be perfect. How sublime and holy will be their converse, wedded to each other in the ties of an indissoluble affection; and freed from those trifling and frivolous affairs which here obtain and even require so much attention, and bring so much annoyance. No obstruction to the enjoyment of friendship will arise from dissimilarity of views or from petulance of temper. Angry controversies can never disturb harmony, nor indifference

try love, nor suspicion shake confidence. Extensive as the community will be, no one in his excursions through those happy regions, will ever meet an individual whose heart will not be the mirror of his own, and whose feelings will not flow in the same direction. Man here may be alone in society, cut off from communion when surrounded by a multitude, through his alienation from all their tastes and habits; but there, in whatever circle the redeemed saint may move, whether conversing with fellow-creatures or with angels, he will find them friends and brethren, engaged in kindred employments, and embued with the same spirit. Looking at what seems an indestructible principle in our social nature—*i.e.*, the strong affinity we feel to some in preference to others—we cannot but think there will be special friendships formed and enjoyed hereafter. Surely, in that world of innumerable inhabitants, every one will not be known and loved alike. The idea of a sort of perfected socialism hereafter—a cosmopolitan kind of existence, in which all fellow-beings will seem the same to each—a society on the basis of an undistinguishing universal philanthropy, is certainly very repellant, even to the most loving

hearts and the best of men in the present world. And we see no ground for it, either in reason or in Scripture.

We presume in heaven we shall love and delight in some more than others. Special sympathies will link certain souls together. There are men described in the Bible, and in Church History, to whom our affections are peculiarly drawn forth. And why may not their society be sought hereafter above that of others? Is it idle speculation to suppose that intercourse with them may receive the highest zest, from the gratification of curiosity respecting their manner of life, opinions, achievements, trials, and history?

And will not those who have been friends here be friends there? It is true there "they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" but these words of Christ plainly refer simply to the matrimonial relationship, and do not militate against the idea of special loving bonds hereafter between those who have sustained the relationship on earth.

I see no reason why those who have been dearest friends on earth should not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with

full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue a social being, and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability, that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him of the same exaltation. He will be changed, and so will they—

“ That so before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd we may meet
For endless ages to embrace.”

There are some whom we fully expect to meet in heaven, who have been our fellow-labourers and sufferers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. What a joy it will be to recognise those dear ones. There are some whom we hope to meet, though at present they give no signs which are decisive of their having the new life of the Spirit of God; but we look for the answer to our prayers, and the crown of our labours when we are gone, in their salvation and union with us in Life's realm of light—and what a joy it will be to meet them there!

There are others, respecting whom we have little or no hope at all, who are living earthly,

sordid, sensual lives, who seem breaking away from holy influences; but, when the grass shall have grown some summers, and the winds whistled some winters over our grave, a sermon may strike them, a book arrest them, a thought penetrate them, and awaken remembrances of truths they now labour to forget—they may turn to God after all. What joy to recognise them hereafter! to find them by our side—to say “And are you here? Thank God, indeed.”

To meet in heaven with friends and relatives who have gone before us, or who may be left behind us; to embrace some on the shores of immortality, like mariners escaped from shipwreck; to meet such as were part of ourselves, our children; “No traveller lost—a family in heaven;”—this speaks to the deepest sensibilities of human nature; this brings before us an element of bliss enshrined among our dearest hopes.

The circulation of feelings that constitute on earth the soul of domestic happiness, and the secret of intimate friendship, is sometimes injurious in its influence by drawing away the heart from God. The lovely gourd, under whose shadow we repose may hide from us the beams

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pleasures for evermore." Paul represents the glory of God as the principal object of the believer's hope. Of the manner in which the Divine Being will reveal Himself to the saints after the resurrection it is impossible to conceive. Doubtless there will be methods of communication employed suited to their perfect nature, methods at once spiritual, distinct, and impressive. Is it not reasonable to suppose that, introduced to the immediate presence of God, impressions of the Divine glory will be received, such as even the Bible could never impart? May not the apostle have had this thought in his mind, when he says, "We shall know even as we are known?" and did not John entertain a kindred idea when he employed the astonishing expression, "We shall see Him as He is?"

We are taught in revelation to believe there is a threefold distinction in the Godhead, which, under the economy of redemption, is denominated the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. We learn from Scripture to contemplate Jehovah in a threefold relationship to man : as the Father sending His only-begotten Son, as the Son acting the part of mediator between us and our offended Maker, as the Spirit sanctifying the

hearts of His people. Though these special offices have an especial bearing on the present state of things, the personal distinction in the Deity must be considered as essential and eternal. We therefore conclude that, in the manifestation of the Divine glory hereafter, this mysterious distinction will be maintained. That the mediatorial office of Jesus Christ as now exercised will not continue after the resurrection—that His peculiar government as now carried on will expire, we are taught by the apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians : “Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father.” The Saviour now, as the High Priest within the veil, making intercession for the people, is the object of contemplation to the saints in a separate state. In the actual description of such an office, we are led to believe He will not appear to the view of the redeemed after the resurrection. His work will be complete. No mediator between sinners and an offended Maker will be any longer necessary ; the glories of Jehovah will shine with a fatherly lustre on the hearts of the redeemed, and “God be all in all.” But still we are warranted to expect that, in the

display of the Divine glory, Immanuel, as the great agent of redemption, as the Saviour of His people, will be distinctly presented to their view. They will "see Jesus." For this He prayed in the days of His flesh: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." . The chief vision of Deity, perhaps, will ever be the vision of the glory of Christ; upon Him, as the Redeemer of the lost, the saints will love to meditate. All their happiness they will ascribe to Him. As they gaze on the glories of their eternal habitation, and eat of the fruit of life, and drink of the streams which make glad the city of God, as they enjoy converse with angels and each other, as they advance in knowledge, and purity, and joy, and become more and more assimilated to the Divine image, they will attribute all to the blood of the Lamb. The greatness of the work of redemption, its suitableness to display the Divine character and glory, its beatings on other ranks of beings beside men, its consequences flowing through the ages of eternity, will, no doubt, be unfolded to the minds

of the redeemed. Fresh accessions of knowledge on this vast and interesting subject will perpetually be gained. As an object of contemplation it will never tire, but shine under fresh and ever-varying aspects of beauty. As a theme of praise it will never lose its interest, but call forth for ever the energy of perfect intellect, and the admiration of perfect love. But in thinking of Christ, let us never forget that, amidst all His Divine glory, He will ever be regarded, admired, and loved as our Divine Friend. Our Friend here—our Friend in the separate state of spirits—our Friend for evermore. It is said of the intermediate life—"present with the Lord;" of the resurrection—"so shall we be ever with the Lord." Nothing helps us to think of heaven as does this revelation of the person, society, and friendship of Jesus there. Many friends on earth—none like Jesus. Many in heaven—none like Jesus. And we should say that there will be no other there who will attract such reverent curiosity; to whom we shall be so irresistibly drawn, around whom we shall so eagerly gather, from whom we shall derive such knowledge, whose smile will give such joy.

The contemplation of the Divine glory will be

associated with a beautiful feeling of dependence on the Divine character. Heaven will be a dependent state as well as earth. And the saints exalted there will cherish no proud and haughty feelings, but, as they stand around the throne, and contemplate the beatitude of God, will be sensible that their existence and their happiness depend on the power and love of their gracious Lord. Everything they possess will be recognised as proceeding from Him. Their only safety even there will be felt to consist in the immutability of His character, and the truth of His promises. Faith, in its sublimest exercise, as a spirit of trust and confidence in the Divine Being, will be no stranger to the mind of glorified spirits, whether men or angels. Springing out of the contemplation of Divine power, and purity, and love, and from a sense of dependence, will be the warmth of grateful affection. God will be loved, supremely loved. The obligations to reverence, and adore, and praise Him, will be felt in their infinite extent and force. The stream of affection that flows from the Divine mind to theirs, will be returned, though comparatively but in a faint current, still will be returned as the grateful son renders the tri-

bute of love to the father, whose heart gushes forth in streams of unutterable tenderness. Love is the spring of active service. It slumbers not a dormant principle in the breast in heaven, any more than on earth. It prompts to exertion. Palpable proofs of its sincerity may now be seen. We can form no conception of heaven more unworthy the subject, than to suppose all this will end and heaven be a world of inaction. It is a state of repose, yet a state of activity. The saints rest from the toils and labours of earth, they escape the storms that trouble this lower atmosphere, and disturb the ocean of human life; but they are to occupy spheres of nobler usefulness, and discharge with zeal acts of more dignified service.

What can be so delightful as to have an intimate acquaintance with the Deity, to know all that created minds can know of His nature and attributes, to bask in the sunshine of His favour, to see His uncreated glory, shining forth in the mild lustre of parental love, and embodying all the wonders of redemption. To see Jesus, not as the man of sorrows, but as the Son of God, combining a nature that is divine with that which is human, and thus bringing man into

near relationship to the Deity ; and raising him even above angels, whose nature the Eternal would never condescend to assume. To cherish a sense of dependence upon God, allied with a feeling of perfect satisfaction, leaving no desires unfulfilled, no wants unsupplied. To have a principle of holy love burning on the altar of the heart, whose fire will be fed by perpetual communications, and fanned by the breath of the Holy Spirit, never declining, never growing dim, but always shining with lustre, and glowing with warmth, never diverted from its object by conflicting affections, but always ascending upwards to God as supreme. To be continually engaged in the service of our Heavenly Parent, to join with angels in meditating on His glory, singing His praise and discharging His commands, to serve Him day and night in His temple, without weariness and without end. Thus to behold Him—thus to rely on Him—thus to love Him—thus to serve Him—this is the summit of bliss, and the crown of glory ; and this is the hope laid up for us in heaven.

THAT CITY.

BY H. L. BARMEELEE.

I know her walls are jasper,
Her palaces are fair,
And to the sound of harpings
The saints are singing there ;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees—
But ah ! to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these.

Read on the sacred story :
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways,
And streets of shining gold !
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there ;
No sun nor moon enlighteneth—
Can darkness, then, be fair ?

Ah ! now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all :
What need of other sunlight,
Where God is all in all !

He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all His own—
He whom my soul adoreth,
The Lamb amidst the throne!

Oh! heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me!
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea;
He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light, and joy, and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?

Speed on, oh! lagging moments,
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth!
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And when mine eyes behold Him,
I shall be satisfied!

HEAVEN AT LAST.

Angel voices sweetly singing,
Echoe through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

BONAR.

White Robes and Palms.

REV. vii. 13, 14.

“And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

REV. iii. 5.

“He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment: and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.”

REV. vii. 9.

“Clothed in white robes and palms in their hand.”

2 TIM. iv. 8.

“Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.”

of the Son of Righteousness. The friends with whom we take sweet counsel, may occasion us to forget our resting-place. Sympathy and love may prove a snare. In heaven the affections will be balanced. Friends will be loved, but not supremely. God will be the chief object of regard, and gratitude, and praise: "Oh, glorious state and coming time, wherein all evil shall be done away, and all good perfected! when the intensity of human affection shall no longer interfere with the bright serenity of holy love, but both be conjoined in one inexplicable bond! where myriads shall be loved as now we love our friends, and friends be loved as now we ought to love our God; and God be loved and admired and worshipped, and understood and delighted in, with a reverence and a rapture, an affinity and a comprehension, with human sentiment purified, and divine capacity superadded, more than ever saints conceived—more than ever angels knew."—*Jewsbury's Letters*.

In the Bible the manifestation of the Divine presence and glory is exhibited as the main-spring of celestial bliss. The psalmist in contemplating the subject exclaims, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand



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What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great afflictions came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal name.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hush'd all sadness and all sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God has wiped away their tears.



WHITE ROBES AND PALMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

“After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.”—REV. vii. 9.

WHITE is the emblem of purity: and a justified sinner is spotless in the view of infinite Justice, for he is clothed with a robe of righteousness, on which no speck ever lights. All in that world have been pardoned, and accepted into the favour of God. They could not be there without. What would an unpardoned sinner do in heaven? The nearer he was brought to the Divine presence, the nearer would he be brought to that, which must inevit-

ably be a source of unutterable torment to him. Heaven is not only closed against the unpardoned, but it could in fact be no heaven to them; every view of the glory of "Him that sitteth upon the throne," that was attended with the consciousness that He had not forgiven their sins, and that they did not stand spotless before Him, would fill the mind with intolerable anguish. But all there are clad in "white robes;" every sin has been pardoned; not a transgression of all the multitude they committed upon earth, will, as to the defilement of it upon the conscience, be taken with them to glory. One single unpardoned sin, one spot upon the "white robe," would render a soul in heaven restless through eternity. It must be forgiven—blotted out; the soul must be completely accepted of God, or there can be no heaven for it.

And so it is. They are all "washed." And how? Not in the tears of their penitence; all the weeping that our world has ever witnessed could not wash out the stain of one sin from the conscience. Not in the baptismal fluid, administered by sacerdotal authority. No; but in "the precious blood of Christ."

What must that atonement be, which of itself

is sufficient to take away the sin of all that countless multitude that shall be gathered round the throne! We have only to look at the scene before us, to see the indispensable necessity of the divinity of Christ to constitute the efficacy of the atonement. These two stand or fall together. If there be an atonement for sin, it must of necessity make way for as clear a display of Divine justice as well as mercy, in the salvation of the redeemed, as if they had suffered the penalty of their transgressions in their own proper person, and had sunk under their guilt down to the lowest hell. There must be an equivalent by the atonement, whatever it be. I do not mean a money equivalent; I do not mean to reduce the matter to this; but there must be a moral equivalent. It would be no atonement if a way were not made for the manifestation of Divine justice, as clear and as impressive as it would have been if the whole redeemed had sunk under the chains of their transgressions. The principles of moral government must be left as clear and as strong, and the government itself as secure, as they would have been had justice taken its own course, and the punishment been inflicted on the original transgressor.

Look, then, to the redeemed, and think of countless myriads washed in the blood of the Lamb; and who must that Lamb be, but, in another view of His nature, the Son of God, equal with the Father?

But the expression imports another thing with respect to the redeemed? their entire and perfect sanctification. Their robes are washed in the blood of the Lamb; their sanctification is effected by the work of the Holy Spirit; the Holy Spirit is granted through the mediation of Jesus Christ; the Holy Spirit uses as the means and model of our sanctification the great truths presented in the atoning sacrifice of the Cross; and therefore our sanctification is effected by the blood of Christ, as well as our justification. White and clean in the blood of the Lamb! Holy; all holy; all perfectly holy!

Long ye not—amidst the imperfection of which ye are conscious in yourselves, and which is your pain to witness in others, even the best of the people of God—to see a perfect saint? Long ye not to set your eyes on one on whom shall not be found one single spot of defilement? one whom you shall approach without suspicion

that there is anything concealed, anything lost in the splendour of his excellences, but which will come out to your notice upon a more perfect acquaintance with him? Ye must wait till ye get to heaven for that; and then ye shall see nothing else. Instead of one perfect saint, reflecting without the smallest flaw the image of God, ye shall see a world of such. Heaven is to be peopled with such.

Sometimes when I think of this, I wonder that I can bear not merely with the world, but with the Church. When I am told, that through eternity I am to dwell with men who have been raised into the character of "spirits made perfect," oh! I am astonished that I do not ask for wings to fly away and be at rest with them. There no cloud of error shall rest upon the judgment; no taint of depravity shall corrupt the heart; all shall be pure. The believer shall then be a saint, in the fullest sense of the term; and all the imperfections which disfigured his moral beauty, which interrupted his usefulness, which occasioned so many tears and groans to himself, shall be lost; you may search through heaven, and not find a sinner, nor a soul in which one spot of sin shall be found.

“Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame.”

Every soul shall have a “robe,” and every robe shall be spotless; it will be a world of holiness, and into which none but such as are holy shall ever enter. What would an unholy man do there? It would be no heaven to him. He could find no sympathy with *his* views and feelings; and he could have no sympathy with the views and feelings of others. Everything in heaven is holy; there dwells the holy God; there is the holy Saviour; there are the holy angels; there all the occupations and all the pursuits are holy; and you must give up all hope of going there, if you are not made holy.

“Palms in their hands.” The palm branch was the emblem of victory. In every triumphal procession, the hero or the conqueror carried a palm in his hand, waving it amidst the plaudits of the multitude; and was thus indicated to be the individual who was the centre of their admiration and the object of their delight. When our Lord made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, they not only cast their garments in His path, but they waved palm branches in their

hands. And there are palms in heaven, figuratively speaking; indicating that heaven is filled with victors. And this, of course, throws back the idea to earth, and suggests the fact that they have come from a conflict.

And have they not? What is religion, but one incessant conflict? The man who knows not this is a stranger to the religion of the New Testament. *It* is a conflict; every part of the Word of God represents it as such. The field is described; the foes are marked; the armour is provided; the Captain of the host is presented to us, calling His soldiers to battle, and leading them on to victory.

Look at the foes which the believer will conquer on his way to glory, and in the victory over which he will gain his palm.

There is Satan: that adversary which "goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." What a mystery hangs about the subject of Satanic influence and temptation! What a dreadful secret! Who can solve it? The very fact of its mysteriousness makes the subject more terrific. The enemy which I can see, whose movements I can watch, whose efforts and whose plans I can detect, is less to be feared

than an enemy invisible, impalpable, *wrapt* in a dark cloud; and this is the case with our ghostly foe. It strikes me that we have never yet penetrated even the surface of this deadly mystery; and that one of the wonders to be disclosed to us in the heavenly world, and that will come out amidst the light of eternity, is that a creature so feeble as you and I could overcome a foe so gigantic, so wondrous. But he will be crushed, "bruised under our feet." His machinations will be unravelled; his schemes will be frustrated, his efforts will be baffled; his malignity will be defeated. We shall trample upon this foe, and wave the palm branch of victory over him. And then, farewell for ever to this foe. He follows us not into the celestial world. Nothing will remain there but the recollection of the conflict, and the consciousness of the victory.

There is the world. O Christians! O professors! hear the word of warning in reference to the world. God grant to you His mighty grace to overcome this subtle foe—never more busy, never more successful than in the present day with the professors of religion. This foe, that assumes a thousand shapes, that

follows ~~us~~ everywhere; that attacks us by the snares of business, by the comforts of home, by those sweet, endearing objects that throw their influence over the very heart to its innermost centre, that now caresses with its smiles, that ~~now~~ terrifies by its frowns. The world, professors, take care that the world be not your ruin. Take care that this busy, subtle, ever-changing foe does not ruin you. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," for they have conquered, and for ever "rest from their labours." Think, believer, (for I would wish to elevate your views and comfort your heart,) think of being in that state where the world follows you not; where the sordid deity of wealth shall never throw its fascination over your mind. You shall have done with him. You will have gained the victory, and will sing the song of conquest for ever.

But again: there is *sin*—that enemy which transfers the conflict to a man's own heart, and makes that the seat of a constant and interminable warfare. Now, there must be daily watchfulness and prayer, and much more watchfulness and prayer than many seem disposed to give to the subject, in order to vanquish sin; there must

be daily mortification, self-dénial, crucifixion. Sin is dethroned in the heart, but not destroyed; and sometimes the believer is ready to say, almost in petulance and in weariness, "What! must I fight for ever? Must I ever be in the field? What! never doff my armour; never feel that I am safe?" Never till you are safe in heaven. Never till you have stepped across the threshold of eternity, where you will carry no sin, and where you will find no tempter. This should be the encouragement to the Christian to go on with watchfulness and prayer and struggling; to recollect that all his fighting will be *here*. This is the scene of conflict; heaven will be the scene of repose.

But this is not all; *the powers of the world* have arrayed themselves against the Christian. The continuance of a Church of Christ in this world, considering all that the Church has had to contend with, is a phenomenon to be explained by no principles of ordinary reasoning. My brethren, here is the fact: the Church of Christ is sustained in the world; but how shall we account for the mystery? Her hope is that she shall continue for ever; but to mock that hope, and to blot out her memorial under heaven, all

the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most determined devices of statesmen, the concentrated might of empires have been employed. The blood of her children has flowed upon the scaffold; "the smoke of their torment" has ascended in volumes from the stake; the tribes of persecution have sported over her woe, and, as they imagined, erected memorials of her destruction. But what have they done? Where are the tyrants that have oppressed her? and where their names? Their empires have passed like shadows over the rock; their names have gone down to posterity on the roll of infamy. And where is the Church? She has risen from age to age from her very ashes, like the phoenix, fresh in glory and in might; has dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they that hated her have fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and statesmen, that plotted her ruin, and with the inscription of their pride, has handed down to posterity the record of her triumphs. How is it? Because Jehovah hath betrothed the Church to Him in covenant for ever. His Spirit lives in her; and she can no more be crushed by the powers of the world, than the throne of Deity itself can be

overturned. Men whose hearts are not stayed upon the Rock of Ages, and whose faith is not equal to the promise of their God, may and do oftentimes quake for the safety of the Church. Now, when Popery and Puseyism are rising up in their strength, and going on, "men's hearts are failing them for fear." Fail! the ark is launched upon the flood, Jesus is on board, and the ark cannot sink, unless the pilot perish. The Church is safe; let what will happen, all is right there.

And where is the Church seen? Triumphant, upon the summit of Mount Zion; presenting to our view an army of victors. Yes; typified by a host, that has just returned from the field of conflict, where they have waged battle for their country's liberty, and overcome the foe; in which every man has been a soldier, every soldier a warrior, every warrior a hero, and every hero a conqueror; greeted by the admiration of their fellow-countrymen. And now, as they bask beneath their fig-tree, and enjoy the fruits of peace, even those fruits will be sweeter, by the contrast of the perils through which they have passed to gather them. So it will be in heaven, Christians. Heaven will be the sweeter

for the power of contrast. We, in the enjoyment of victory, shall think of the conflict. While waving the palm, we shall think of the sword; while there in peace and happiness, we shall think of the danger and the peril through which we pressed, to reach that blessed world of safety. Believer! go on; victory is before you; the palm-branch awaits you.

THE VICTOR'S SONG.

“ Sweetest strains from soft harps stealing;
Trumpets notes of triumph pealing;
Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming,
Where the heavenly bells are ringing.
Holy, holy, holy! singing
To the mighty Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! crying;
For all earthly care and sighing
In that city cease to be.”

THOMAS À KEMPIS, 1380.

Hark, what songs of joyous greeting,
 Ringing through the courts above;
Songs of loving, rapturous meeting,
 Mingled notes of praise and love.

Angel spirits, gently calling,
 Guide our sister to their King;
And with joy her path attending,
 Thronging round, they sweetly sing.

“Hand in hand,” they lead her on-
 wards .
Through the streets of shining gold,
Loving, to her ransom'd spirit,
 Joys celestial to unfold.

Jesus smiles to see her coming—
 At His feet she casts her crown,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
 Bowing low before His throne.

Lovingly He draws her near Him,
 Bids her lean upon His breast;
And, in peace and love abiding,
 Enter on an endless rest.

Gazing on her Saviour's glory,
Now His brightness she beholds ;
Lost in wondrous love, she praises,
All His beauty she unfolds.

Never more can grief intruding,
Cast a shade upon her face ;
All her sorrows are forgotten
In the glories of that place.

Joining with the angelic songsters,
Loud her Saviour's praise she sings,
Lovely in the attire of heaven,
Flitting on her radiant wings.

Blessed spirit! can we mourn thee,
Freed from sorrow, pain, and woe?
May we rather learn to follow
In thy patient steps below.

Thus at last united with her
In the realms of bliss above,
May we, Saviour, dwell for ever
In the sunshine of Thy love.

MY CHILD.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is still'd,
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be fill'd;
A gentle heart that throb'd but now
With tenderness and love,
Has hush'd its weary throbbings here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
Her trusting soul has fled,
And yet we bend above the tomb
With tears and call her dead.
We call her dead, but ah ! we know
She dwells where living waters flow.



Heavenly Music.

REV. xiv. 2, 3.


“And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.”

REV. xv. 3.

“And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.”

REV. v. 9.

“And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.”



Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken
are
Where arise the pearly mansions shedding silvery light
afar;
Festive seats and golden roofs which glitter like the
evening star?

There no moon shines chill and changing, there no stars
with twinkling ray,—
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the sun and
day;
Night and time are known no longer,—day shall never
fade away.

There the saints, like suns, are radiant,—like the sun at
dawn they glow,
Crowned victors after conflict, all their joys together flow;
And, secure, they count the battles where they fought the
prostrate foe.

Then the new song, new for ever, those melodious voices
sing,—
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those blessed
regions ring;
Crowned victors ever bringing praises worthy of the
King.



HEAVENLY MUSIC.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

“And they sung a new song.”—REV. xiv. 3.

“**I** LOOKED, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand.”

And who were these people, “having his Father’s name written in their foreheads?” Not *Bs* for “Baptists,” nor *Ws* for “Wesleyans,” nor *Es* for “Established Church:” they had their Father’s name and nobody else’s. What a deal of fuss is made on earth about our distinctions! We think such a deal about belonging to this denomination and the other.

Why, if you were to go to heaven's gates, and ask if they had any Baptists there, the angel would only look at you, and not answer you; if you were to ask if they had any Wesleyans, or members of the Established Church, he would say, "Nothing of the sort;" but if you were to ask him whether they had any Christians there, "Ay," he would say, "an abundance of them: they are all one now—all called by one name: the old brand has been obliterated, and now they have not the name of this man or the other; they have the name of God, even their Father, stamped on their brow." Learn then, dear friends, whatever the connexion to which you belong, to be charitable to your brethren, and kind to them, seeing that, after all, the name you now hold here will be forgotten in heaven, and only your Father's name will be there known.

It is said of all these worshippers that *they learned the song before they went there*. At the end of the third verse it is said, "No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." We must begin heaven's song here below or else we shall never sing it above.

The choristers of heaven have all had rehearsals upon earth before they sing in that orchestra. You think that, die when you may, you will go to heaven, without being prepared. Nay, sir, heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people; and unless you are "made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," you can never stand there among them. If you were in heaven without a new heart and a right spirit, you would be glad enough to get out of it; for heaven, unless a man is heavenly himself, would be worse than hell. A man who is unrenewed and unregenerate going to heaven would be miserable there. There would be a song—he could not join in it; there would be a constant hallelujah, but he would not know a note: and besides, he would be in the presence of the Almighty, even in the presence of the God he hates, and how could he be happy there? No, sirs; ye must learn the song of paradise here, or else ye can never sing it. Ye must learn to sing,

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ears."

You must learn to feel that "sweeter sounds

than music knows mingle in your Saviour's name," or else you can never chant the hallelujahs of the blest before the throne of the great "I AM." Take that thought, whatever else you forget; treasure it up in your memory, and ask grace of God that you may here be taught to sing the heavenly song, that afterwards in the land of the hereafter, in the home of the beatified, you may continually chant the high praises of Him that loved you.

And now we come to the most interesting point, namely, THE LISTENING TO THEIR SONG. "I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps:" singing how loud, and yet how sweet!

First, then, singing *how loud!* It is said to be "like the voice of many waters." Have you never heard the sea roar, and the fulness thereof? Have you never walked by the sea-side, when the waves were singing, and when every little pebble-stone did turn chorister, to make up music to the Lord God of hosts? And have you never in time of storm beheld the sea, with

its hundred hands, clapping them in gladsome adoration of the Most High? Have you never heard the sea roar out His praise, when the winds were holding carnival—perhaps singing the dirge of mariners, wrecked far out on the stormy deep, but far more likely exalting God with their hoarse voice, and praising Him who makes a thousand fleets sweep over them in safety, and writes His furrows on their own youthful brow? Have you never heard the rumbling and booming of ocean on the shore, when it has been lashed into fury and has been driven upon the cliffs? If you have, you have a faint idea of the melody of heaven. It was “as the voice of many waters.” But do not suppose that it is the whole of the idea. It is not the voice of one ocean, but the voice of many, that is needed to give you an idea of the melodies of heaven. You are to suppose ocean piled upon ocean, sea upon sea,—the Pacific piled upon the Atlantic, the Arctic upon that, the Antarctic higher still, and so ocean upon ocean, all lashed to fury, and all sounding with a mighty voice the praise of God. Such is the singing of heaven. Or, if the illustration fails to

strike, take another. We have mentioned here two or three times the mighty falls of Niagara. They can be heard at a tremendous distance, so awful is their sound. Now, suppose waterfalls dashing upon waterfalls, cataracts upon cataracts, Niagaras upon Niagaras, each of them sounding forth their mighty voices, and you have got some idea of the singing of paradise. "I heard a voice like the voice of many waters." Can you not hear it? Ah! if our ears were opened we might almost catch the song. I have thought sometimes that the voice of the *Æolian* harp, when it has swollen out grandly, was almost like an echo of the songs of those who sing before the throne; and on the summer eve, when the wind has come in gentle zephyrs through the forest, you might almost think it was the floating of some stray notes that had lost their way among the harps of heaven, and come down to us, to give us some faint foretaste of that song which hymns out in mighty peals before the throne of the Most High. But why so loud? The answer is, Because there are so many there to sing. Nothing is more grand than the singing of multitudes. Many have been the persons who have told me that they could but weep

when they heard you sing in this assembly, so mighty seemed the sound when all the people sang,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

And, indeed, there is something very grand in the singing of multitudes. I remember hearing 12,000 sing on one occasion in the open air. Some of our friends were then present, when we concluded our service with that glorious hallelujah. Have you ever forgotten it? It was indeed a mighty sound; it seemed to make heaven itself ring again. Think, then, what must be the voice of those who stand on the boundless plains of heaven, and with all their might shout, “Glory, and honour, and power, and dominion unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.”

One reason, however, why the song is so loud is a very simple one—namely, because all those who are there think themselves bound to sing the loudest of all. You know our favourite hymn—

“Then loudest of the crowd I’ll sing,
While heav’n’s resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov’reign grace.”

And every saint will join that sonnet, and each one lift up his heart to God : then how mighty must be the strain of praise that will rise up to the throne of the glorious God our Father !

But note next, while it was a loud voice, how *sweet* it was. Noise is not music. There may be "a voice like many waters," and yet no music. It was sweet as well as loud ; for John says, "I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Perhaps the sweetest of all instruments is the harp. There are others which give forth sounds more grand and noble, but the harp is the sweetest of all instruments. I have sometimes sat to hear a skilful harper, till I could say, "I could sit and hear myself away," whilst with skilful fingers he touched the chords gently, and brought forth strains of melody which flowed like liquid silver, or like sounding honey into one's soul. Sweet, sweet beyond sweetness ; words can scarcely tell how sweet the melody. Such is the music of heaven. No jarring notes there, no discord, but all one glorious harmonious song. You will not be there, formalist, to spoil the tune ; nor you, hypocrite, to mar the melody ; there will be all those there whose hearts are right with God, and

therefore the strain will be one great harmonious whole, without a discord. Truly do we sing—

“No groans to mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.”

And there will be no discord of any other sort to spoil the melody of those before the throne. Oh! my beloved hearers, that *we* might be there! Lift us up, ye cherubs! Stretch your wings, and bear us up where the sonnets fill the air. But if ye must not, let us wait our time—

“A few more rolling suns at most
Will land us on fair Canaan’s coast;”

and then we shall help to make the song which now we can scarcely conceive, but which yet we desire to join.

Why is the song said to be a new song? It will be a new song, because the saints were never in such a position before as they will be when they sing this new song. They are in heaven now; but the scene is something more than heaven. It refers to the time when all the chosen race shall meet around the throne, when the last battle shall have been fought, and the

last warrior shall have gained his crown. It is not now that they are thus singing, but it is in the glorious time to come, when all the hundred and forty and four thousand—or rather the number typified by that number—will be all safely housed and all secure. I can conceive the period. Time was—eternity now reigns. The voice of God exclaims, “Are my beloved all safe?” The angel flies through paradise and returns with this message, “Yea, they are.” “Is *Fearful* safe? Is *Feeble-mind* safe? Is *Ready-to-Halt* safe? Is *Despondency* safe?” “Yes, O King, they are,” says he. “Shut to the gates,” says the Almighty, “they have been open night and day; shut them to now.” Then, when all of them shall be there, then will be the time when the shout shall be louder than many waters, and the song shall begin which will never end. There is a story told in the history of brave Oliver Cromwell, which I use here to illustrate this new song. Cromwell and his Ironsides before they went to battle bowed the knee in prayer, and asked for God’s help. Then, with their Bibles at their breasts, and their swords in their hands—a strange and unjustifiable mixture, but which their ignorance

must excuse—they cried, “The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge;” and rushing to battle they sang—

“O Lord our God, arise and let
Thine enemies scatter’d be,
And let all those that do thee hate
Before thy presence flee.”

They had to fight up hill for a long time, but at last the enemy fled. The Ironsides were about to pursue them and win the booty, when the stern harsh voice of Cromwell was heard—“Halt! halt! now the victory is won; before you rush to the spoil, return thanks to God;” and they sang some such song as this, “Sing unto the Lord, for he has gotten us the victory! Sing unto the Lord.” It was said to have been one of the most majestic sights in that strange, yet good man’s history. (I say that word without blushing, for good he was.) For a time the hills seemed to leap, whilst the vast multitude, turning from the slain, still stained with blood, lifted up their hearts to God. We say again it was a strange sight, yet a glad one. But how great shall be that sight, when Christ shall be seen as a conqueror, and when all His warriors,

fighting side by side with Him, shall see the dragon beaten in pieces beneath their feet. Lo, their enemies are fled ; they were driven like thin clouds before a Biscay gale. They are all gone ; death is vanquished, Satan is cast into the lake of fire, and here stands the King himself, crowned with many crowns, the victor of the victors. And in the moment of exaltation the Redeemer will say, " Come, let us sing unto the Lord ; " and then, louder than the shout of many waters, they shall sing, " Hallelujah ! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Ah ! that will be the full carrying out of the great scene. My feeble words cannot depict it. I send you away with this simple question, " Shall *you* be there to see the conqueror crowned ? " Have *you* " a good hope through grace " that you shall ? If so, be glad ; if not, go to your houses, fall on your knees, and pray to God to save you from that terrible place which must certainly be your portion, instead of that great heaven of which I preach, unless you turn to God with full purpose of heart.

ZION THE GOLDEN.

Here brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
 For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
 And ended the strife.

What joys are in heaven!
To whom are they given?
 Oh! what? and to whom?
The stars to the earth-born,
"Best robes" to the sin-worn,
 The crown for the doom.

O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,
 We press towards thee.
O Zion the golden!
Our eyes are now holden
 Thy light till we see.

Thy crystalline ocean
Unvex'd by commotion,

Thy fountain of life ;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken—
Thy peace beyond strife.

Thy meek saints all glorious !
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more.
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with thee,
The Bridegroom is with thee—
With thee to abide !

We know not, we know not,
All human words shew not,
The joys we may reach ;
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

O Zion the golden !
My eyes are still holden
 Thy light till I see ;
And deep in thy glory,
Unveil'd then before me,
 My King looks on thee !

THE SAINT IN HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God,
 His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the valley of death my feet have
 trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here ;
 No keen and thrilling pain ;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
 Hath roll'd, and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven ;
 I am one of the angel band ;
To my head a crown is given,
 And a harp is in my hand.

I have learn'd the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath made free ;
And the glorious walls on high still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home ;
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain ;
My hour of triumph come.
Friend of my mortal years,
The trusted and the tried !
Thou art walking still in the valley of
tears,
But I am at thy side.

Do I forget? Oh, no !
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below
Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?

Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your heart with grief be riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

THE SONG OF REDEMPTION.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Unfold thy heaven-born wings;
Thy home is in the skies,
Where lofty Gabriel sings;
And loud through all the spacious plain,
Is heard—"The Lamb, the Lamb was
slain!"

Oh, may my bosom glow
With melody like this!
Oh, may my spirit bow
When musing on their bliss!
Ah! didst thou die dear Lamb for me?
He bled—He groaned—He died for thee.

Oh, teach me that new song
Which occupies their time;
And say, will it be long
Ere I shall reach that clime?
I'll wait till Thou shalt call me home;
Yet come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Is there a harp for me?
(Oh, greatly chide my fears!)
Is there a throne for me
Beyond the rolling spheres?
Where joys unchanging ceaseless flow,
And sin or death shall no one know!

LOVE BLESSED, EVEN IN ITS LOSSES.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrow'd most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

The Rest of Heaven.

REV. vi. 11.

"And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

2 THESS. i. 7.

"And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels."

REV. vii. 16, 17.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water."

HEB. iv. 9.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

Man in the morning to his work goes forth,
And rests at even;
Christian, remember, labour is for earth,
Repose for heaven.

Who now sows precious seed, though it may be
Too oft with weeping,
Shall, if he patiently await it, see
A joyous reaping.

Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy hand
Till close of even;
Earth is the place of toil; the better land
Of rest is heaven.



THE REST OF HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA HARRISON, CAMDEN TOWN.

“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.”—REV. xiv. 13.

IT is a blessed thing to die in the Lord, to spend a life of humble trust in His sacrifice, of growing resemblance to His image, of earnest zeal in His service, and then “to fall asleep in Jesus.” To hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end, and, as feebleness and decline admonish us that the time of our departure is at hand, to have the assurance I am “accepted in the Beloved”—for me “to die is gain”—this puts the crown on the whole course. For the hour of death is a

solemn hour to all; it is especially solemn to him who holds the Christian faith, and with it has any shade of doubt as to his own standing. He feels that he has reached that awful crisis at which either his hopes will be realised, and he will enter on joy unspeakable, eternal, or he will be driven, a miserable outcast, into the regions of despair. Can you wonder that, when the moment of decision is so near, the alternative should assume proportionate solemnity, and he should ask himself, with deep earnestness, Am I safe? And he is all the more anxious to answer this question honestly, because he observes records but too numerous of failure and ruin. Of some it is declared, "They made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience;" of others, "They did run well, but were afterwards hindered;" of others, "Having put their hand to the plough, they looked back, and were counted unworthy of the kingdom of God." One is said to have come with bright, cheerful countenance, as if sure of a welcome, but on hearing the Saviour's terms, to have gone away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. Another seemed the fast friend of the apostle, but he had by and by to complain, "Demas hath forsaken me

having loved this present world." Many who had deep convictions lost them through false shame, "for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." With such instances of failure before his eyes he naturally glances back on his own course, not to discover grounds of merit, but to seek for proofs of faith. Memory, with inconceivable rapidity, traverses the whole of the past, collects it into one bright focus, and in a moment presents it before his eye. And if then he perceives that, as a professedly Christian man, he has all along by a foolish compromise endeavoured to serve both God and mammon—has sought the comforts, but avoided the hardships of a religious life—has been ashamed to confess his Master when His name was dishonoured—has delegated to others the work and the self-denial, and purchased for himself the liberty only to enjoy;—or, as a Christian minister, has clouded the truth by reserve, and shunned to declare the whole counsel of God—has suffered himself to be beguiled into the sunny fields of literature, not with the high purpose of infusing into some portion of it pure Christian thought, or drawing from it materials for striking illustration, but

simply to gratify his taste, when the harvest demanded his toil—or has wasted precious hours and golden opportunities in the mere trivialities of the religious world, although the requirements of his position should have led him to husband time and concentrate strength and invent expedients, lest any should perish through neglect ;—or, as a Christian missionary, has allowed the influence of an enervating climate and familiarity with barbarous customs, not indeed to render him idle, but to take the bloom from his piety and the zest from his work—has been satisfied with the mere mechanical performance of duties which needed a heart all on fire with Divine love ;—if, I say, in this final review of the past, he discovers that profession has been but feebly supported by practice, will not torturing doubt cast a horror of great darkness over his spirit, and, if saved at last, will it not be as from the very brink of despair ?

On the contrary, if in that critical hour he finds that his faith has revealed itself in works, and that the spirit of the Master has shone in the life of the disciple—if he sees that, although with imperfections which only Divine love could cover, he has fought against temptation, denied

self, searched out and grappled with the evils of his own day, laboured to save souls, fearlessly confessed his Saviour, and striven, above all things, to promote the cause of truth and God—he recognises in his own history the marks of real discipleship, and feels “all is well.” Such results, he is sure, could have sprung from nothing but living faith. Possessing that faith,—faith which justifies, faith which purifies,—he knows that he is secure. For him death is disarmed of its terrors. ‘Hope sheds its radiance over the darkness of the tomb, and perfect love casteth out fear. Whilst listening to the last farewell of earth, in his ear it seems blended with the welcome of heaven, and he exclaims, with holy exultation, “Thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ.”

We always consider it a spirit-stirring spectacle when we behold a man earnestly pursuing to the end the course which he has adopted—when his last words or acts betoken fidelity to the main purpose of his life, and shew the ruling passion strong in death. We look with admiration on the great geometrician of Syracuse, who in his quiet museum was so completely ab-

sorbed in the solution of a problem that he was unaware of the capture of the city by the enemy, and when he learnt it, still persisting in his demonstration, was despatched by the Roman sword. We regard with profound veneration our noble English philanthropist taking his last journey with unfaltering courage, working his way through plague-stricken cities, plunging into the prisons of the Russian Czar, at length sinking under a fever caught by his ministrations to a dying girl, death finding him still faithful to the mission to which he had consecrated his life. And is it not with similar feelings of admiration and thankfulness that we behold the departing saint, whether his course has been more public or more private, steadfast even to the end,—faith in Christ his only hope—the spread of the gospel the one desire of his heart,—ceasing to work only when he ceases to breathe—and as he looks back upon a whole life of service, now drawing to a peaceful close, with deep humility, and yet with holy confidence, declaring, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge,

shall give me at that day." Who that hears doth not from the heart exclaim, "Servant of God, well done?" "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

They are blessed, because they die *that they may rest*. And to the toilworn labourer, what can be more welcome than rest? Wearied by his burden of care and anxiety,—his contests with the world, the flesh, and the devil,—his efforts to realise the scriptural idea of the Christian life,—his endeavours to turn men from darkness to light,—how joyfully does he listen to the assurance that he shall "rest from his labours." To the man, indeed, who has known nothing of toil or suffering, there is no charm in the prospect of *rest*. Let his Christianity be of the cast which lulls rather than stimulates, which forbids no luxury, demands no sacrifice, exacts no work, which seems only designed to render this world more comfortable by taking away all fear for the future—and what cares he for the promise of rest? Is he not resting already? Can ease or quiet be more profound? But let him know what it is to watch, to wait, to suffer, to labour, to struggle, and then, as the haven to the storm-tossed mariner, or home to the wounded soldier,

or the Sabbath to the child of toil, such to him is the heavenly rest. And may we not with equal truth affirm that the rest when it comes is all the sweeter for previous labour? If the future life is a continuation of the present, must not the feelings with which we enter on it be somewhat affected by our history here? As earthly things are the types of heavenly, from the one we may perhaps on this point judge of the other. Now, when a man retires from active duty, the pleasure with which he settles down in that retirement depends very much on his preceding course. If he has accomplished, or even attempted, nothing worthy of remembrance,—nothing which he can look back upon with satisfaction or gratitude,—his very rest lacks some of the first elements of enjoyment. He may be the statesman whose indecisive and wavering administration is pronounced a failure—or the admiral, who without positive disgrace has missed the opportunity of doing his country service—or the ambassador, who has fallen into grave error, and endangered the peace of the world—or the humblest tradesman, whose one mistake has been to suppose that wealth is everything; and in each of these cases the leisure which ensues is such as few

would covet. But if retirement has been preceded by honourable toil, by willing self-denial, or by deeds worth living for, then not only has the power to enjoy been augmenting, but the recollections of past labour brighten and sweeten present rest. And may we not believe that this law of earth is also a law of heaven? We would not, indeed, even hint that regret or shame can for a moment darken that world of perfect joy; but still, is it not certain that the capacity of enjoying the rest of heaven must be very different in the man whose life has been passed in comparative indolence and in the man whose days have been all spent in the service of God? Both may receive from the great Husbandman their "penny," but that "penny" will not be the same to both. And hence it is not without significance that the eulogium is first pronounced, "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus;" and then the assurance is added, "they shall rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

And unspeakably blessed to such is this rest. For it is as far removed as possible from mere quiescence or inglorious ease. All that is bur-

densome or distressing in work or warfare will be escaped from; there will be no conflict between the flesh and the spirit, no enemies to watch and repel, no scenes of misery and vice to oppress the heart, no opposition or ingratitude from those who have been the objects of toil and prayer, no fatigue or exhaustion from labour, no seasons of darkness or fear, of discouragement or despondency; from weariness, trouble, and sin there will be perfect, everlasting deliverance. But this rest is by no means opposed to activity. May we not rather say that activity forms an integral part of that rest? Doom the man of energetic character to a sphere of absolute quiet, and he is restless as the caged eagle, which frets at inaction, but in the boldest flight finds its recreation and delight. To minds that are delivered from all distracting cares, and all the weakness of the flesh, who are surrounded by congenial society, and summoned to congenial employments, activity is rest. And such is the rest of heaven; not quiescence, but satisfaction—grand purposes to accomplish, but no burden to cause distress or fatigue. Rest!—what is our highest conception of it? Is it not this,—that our nature should be restored to its original

perfection,—delivered from each trace of feebleness, disease, or sin,—every power acting without effort,—thought, purpose, desire, conduct, all spontaneously conformed to the Divine will, and answering to the Divine ideal: moreover, that we should be placed in a world in every respect corresponding with our perfected nature; where no scene or object could jar with our sense of absolute fitness or beauty; where fellowship, influence, occupation, would be all on the side of holiness; and where the purity within and around would enable us to act with unconstrained freedom, and yet without danger or fear: finally, that we should be surrounded by circumstances in which no craving or aspiration should be unsatisfied—where intellect should discover unalloyed, eternal truth, social affection find friends that never disappoint—where the heart should exult in the presence of Jesus, and the soul be filled with the vision of God?—would not this constitute perfect satisfaction? Well, this is the blessedness of heaven, where all is harmonious within, and all congenial without; ceaseless activity, and yet eternal rest! This is the portion of the faithful dead; and this is to be *our* portion. This is the consummation to which

our adorable Master is graciously leading us. This is the glorious issue of our poor, feeble, fitful, unprofitable service. Who would not labour for such a Master? Who would not make light of privation in view of such an inheritance, or of toil in prospect of such a rest?

REST FOR THE WEARY.

We have read in sacred story
Of a beatific rest,
Fair with flowers, bright with glory,
Home of angels and the blest.

All the storms of life outlying,
By the Son of God confess'd;
Far from sin and toil and sighing,
There the weary are at rest.

Music through the sky is ringing,
Palms are waving in the air;
Joyful voices, sweetly singing,
Banish gloom and grief and care.

On the golden pavement walking,
We shall see the Saviour's face;
With our friends in glory talking,
Magnify redeeming grace.

In our Father's house residing,
Every one a welcome guest,
Gladly, safely there abiding,
We shall ever be at rest.

P. J. WRIGHT.

REST IN HEAVEN.

"In heaven there's rest!" that thought hath a
power

To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour;
Like a sunbeam it dawns on a stormy sky,
Like the first gleam of hope to a traveller's eye;
'Tis the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure,
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's
sure.

How sweet to the weary, "In heaven there's
rest!" [bless'd,
The tears are all dried from the eyes of the

And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and
bright,
That none but a spirit could dwell in their light :
Oh, not like the smiles that *here* dwell on the
cheek,
But to hide the deep anguish no language may
speak.

“In heaven there’s rest!”—earth’s happiest
hour
Fades swiftly away, like a morning flower ;
There fadeless the bowers, unclouded the
skies ;
There joy hath no end, and time never flies ;
There nature is freed from its earliest stain ;
There love hath no sorrows, and life hath no
pain.

“In heaven there’s rest!”—oh, how deep that
repose !
Life’s bitterness past, with its follies and woes ;
Its passions all hush’d, like the waves on the
deep,
When tempests expire, and winds are asleep,
And only soft airs and sweet odours arise,
Like the evening incense that soars to the skies.

Those sounds breathe sweet music, "In heaven
there's rest!"

I long to escape to that land of the bless'd,
Inspired by the prospect, through life's busy day,
To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray;
Then gladly exchange, when the summons is
given,
The tumult of earth for the calmness of heaven.

REST, SWEETLY REST.

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb:
Light from above has broken through its
gloom.
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour
lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast—
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;

With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the stream of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour bless'd—
Rest, sweetly rest.

WHERE THE WEARY REST.

“There the weary are at rest.”—JOB iii. 17.

My Saviour, be Thou near me
Through life's night;
I cry, and Thou wilt hear me,—
Be my light!
My dim sight aching,
Gently Thou'rt making
Meet for awaking
Where all is bright!

Oh, through time's swelling ocean
Be my Guide!
From tempests' wild commotion
Hide, oh, hide!
Life's crystal river
Storms ruffle never;
Anchor me ever
On that calm tide!

Many Mansions.

2 COR. v. 1.

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

JOHN xiv. 1-3.

“Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

1 COR. xv. 41.

“There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars ; for one star differeth from another star in glory.”

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
In the mansions of the sky,
Each the welcome "*Come*" awaits,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
Lift up your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the ransom'd travellers in !

At home with Jesus ! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare ;
The soul's deep longing still'd, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
What home like this can the wide earth afford ?
" So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt :
Poor dwelling now, we close thy door,
The task is o'er,
The sojourners return no more.

Now of a lasting *home* possess'd
He goes to seek a better rest ;
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care ;
Thy home is waiting, brother, there !



MANY MANSIONS.

BY THE REV. W. LANDELLS,
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"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN xiv. 2.

THE Scriptures give us no information which enables us to determine with certainty what the "many mansions" are, so that we are left exclusively to our own conjectures. I do not think, however, that, if our conjectures be not formed in utter regardlessness of what we know, they are likely to be very far wrong; and while we do not wish to invest them with an air of certainty, or induce you to receive them as the truth, they may nevertheless tend to exalt your conceptions of, and increase your interest in, heaven, by shew-

ing you what, so far as man can judge, heaven ~~may~~ be. From the changing position of our sun in relation to the fixed stars, as they are called, the supposition has been entertained and expressed by astronomers, that as the earth with its moon, and other planets with their satellites, move round the sun, so the sun with his planets, and other suns with their planets, are moving round some other world which is the centre of the universe. If there be such a world, it must be incomparably vast in its dimensions to sustain the revolution of so many suns and systems—many times larger, in all probability, than all the worlds combined ; and it has been suggested that this may be heaven : that there the glorified body of the Saviour may have taken up its station as the head of all principalities and powers ; that there the grandeur of the Deity, the glory of His natural and moral perfections, may strike the mind with more bright effulgence, and excite more elevated emotions of admiration and rapture than in any other province of universal nature ; that this vast and splendid central world may constitute that august mansion referred to in Scripture under the designation of the third heaven, the throne of the

Eternal, the heaven of heavens, the light that is inaccessible and full of glory. Now, supposing this suggestion to be true, it would afford a good interpretation of the language, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Regarding that world as the Father's house of which the Saviour speaks, within its vast limits there would be space enough to admit of mansions sufficient for a number of inhabitants far beyond the power of arithmetic to compute—a number more than equal to what the boldest mind and the largest heart have thought of as constituting the population of heaven.

But while this would admit of a fair interpretation of the words, I see no reason for regarding heaven as confined to one locality or one world, however vast, and however glorious. There appears to me good reason for supposing that heaven will extend throughout the universe of holy worlds, that is, every world into which sin has not entered, or from which it has been expelled. Prior to the entrance of sin into this world man enjoyed during the brief morning of his life something like heaven upon earth. We always speak of the paradisiacal state as something closely akin to heaven, as a first lower

stage of heavenly enjoyment, and of the garden in which the first pair dwelt as a kind of outward heavenly temple ; else why speak of them as dwelling in "paradise," when the Saviour applies that term to the glory into which He entered and to which He raises the believer after death ? Now, on the supposition, which we do not think unreasonable, that other worlds are peopled with sinless intelligences, the conclusion cannot be easily avoided that they experience a similar or a superior happiness to that which Adam enjoyed in his state of innocence ; that as in Eden, so throughout the different provinces of God's dominions, around whatever suns they move, and in whatever relations they stand, the light of heaven shines there, the calm of heaven prevails there, and the happiness of heaven is experienced there.

The very magnitude of creation appears to me to demand this conclusion. When we think of the thousands of worlds, some of them so immense in magnitude, which the naked eye sees sparkling in our own heavens ; when we consider that these are but a fraction, compared with those which the telescope reveals, and that even these dwindle into insignificance compared with

the myriads which people those fields of immensity into which the eye never penetrated ; when we think that, as compared with the universe, this earth is but a single leaf to the multitudes that cover the trees of the forest, or as one grain of sand to the vast accumulations that girdle the ocean waves ; when we consider that were the space that lies within the limits of our solar system to become one mass of light, there are parts of creation so distant that, to a spectator placed there, that immense mass of light would be no greater than some of the least brilliant stars appear to us—yea, that there are worlds in which, though that mass of light were suddenly extinguished, the event would be unnoticed and unknown ; when we think of this, it is difficult to conceive, I think, that that immense creation is a desolate waste ; that those numberless worlds are so many unpeopled solitudes, that they have been created for no higher purpose than to roam in silent grandeur through the spheres, at best splendid toys for the gratification of a few favoured creatures, or as a home of beings who can render God no intelligent adoration, or to people regions which lie far beyond the range of creature's ken. I find it

difficult, yea, I may say impossible, to entertain such a thought as that, and accordingly, I must either conclude, contrary to all presumptive evidence, that they have been, and are still, under the dominion of sin, or that they are designed to form so many provinces of that heaven which God's holy creatures shall inherit, so many separate "mansions" in the house of my Father. I prefer the latter conclusion : it is a more glorious one, and commends itself more to the instincts of my heart.

But, further than this : I am confirmed and strengthened in this conclusion when I consider that in so far as we can form a conception of the scenery and appearance of other worlds, some of them at least are not unworthy of such a destiny. We see one planet, for example, attended by seven moons, and surrounded with two belts, or rings, of great magnificence. Now, what variety of agreeable lights and shades may these occasion, and how gloriously must they diversify the scenery of its sky ! Then there are stars of various colours, which are suns to different worlds, every object in which is bathed in their glorious light. But these things only serve to suggest the thought of other aspects of magnifi-

cence, and other places of glory which may fairly be supposed to distinguish more distant worlds, rendering them meet to be the habitation of those whom God delights to honour, and justifying the splendid imagery which the Bible employs to describe our heavenly home. As I said before, I do not contend that these considerations give certainty to my conjecture; but even as a probability, I think it deserves to be entertained. To every large-hearted and thoughtful man it must be a grateful supposition, that the worlds are "mansions" in his Father's house, to no one of which he will be confined exclusively, to any and to every one of which he will be welcomed, and in all of them be at home; from one to another of which he is to pass, levying tribute from them all, making them all contribute to his stores of knowledge, finding in them all new accessions to his joy, receiving from them all new illustrations of the divine perfections. As we indulge the supposition, we feel as if standing on the summit of a great rock which lifts us above ourselves, and above this little ball of earth, and raises us into a higher region, where we breath a new atmosphere; floods of new life come pulsing through our veins, the breath of

heaven fans our face, new vigour is imparted to our frame, new light comes to clarify our mental vision, so that we form a more definite conception of the destiny which awaits us, while it kindles within us a more intense longing for its enjoyment.

Whatever you may think, however, of all that has been said of the many mansions in our Father's house, there is this thought that must appear clear enough to you all—that heaven is something vast. They are altogether mistaken in their conception of it, and have no sympathy with its spirit, with what the Bible says of it, who look upon it as the meeting place of a sect, a sort of little room where a small party are to be gathered together. Oh no! There is a "great multitude" there, "which no man can number," and they come from no land in particular, but from every nation, and kindred, and people, and tribe, and tongue—"a great multitude which no man can number." It has nothing in harmony with those little feelings which we are sometimes apt to cherish. I am grieved when I hear men quote the passage, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom"—quoting it, not because

it contains a blessed promise for those to whom it applies, not rejoicing in the promise, but rejoicing because God's flock is a "little flock." I hold that it is a spirit altogether unchristian. God has His own people in the earth—that is true; but let us rather cherish that expansive benevolence which will rejoice in the thought that there may be many more who are His people than we are prone to suppose; that in that better land we shall find many whom we did not expect to see; that from various nations they will come and will form a great multitude. That is the feeling we ought to cherish. If it be the case that few get to heaven, that many perish, it is not a thing to be rejoiced in, but a thing to be mourned over; and instead of contending with a paltry pettiness for the littleness of the number who shall appear there, let us rather labour that we may be among that great number, and labour to bring many more with us, who, in the day of the Saviour's coming, will hail us as those to whose instrumentality they have been indebted for their salvation, through whom they have been brought to swell the ranks of the redeemed.

And now, in conclusion, some will say such

a subject as this is not practical. Well, in one sense it is not, and yet I think it has a very practical tendency. Is it not practical to shew you something of the attractions of heaven; so that you may desire it very powerfully; so that you may daily live in cultivating a meetness for its enjoyment; so that you may seek to lay up for yourselves a treasure there? Surely that is practical enough. I tell you what I think—anything is practical which will make you think less of this world, and more of that which is to come, which will wean your affections from earth, and lead you to long after heaven. At all events this is practical,—that heaven, vast as it is, will not receive you should you knock at its door, and it be found that you have come there with an unholy heart. In it “nothing shall enter which defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but those whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.” And let me say to those who have good reason to think that their names are there,—Oh! look upon that heaven as your *home*; try to get your affections weaned from earth, and set them on things that are above. Remember, this is not your rest; your rest is *there*. Habitually think

of heaven as your home, and when you contemplate death, it will have no terrors for you, and when you die you will be able to look upon your death as a going home, and to rejoice with one who said, as she lay in her dying agonies,—

“I’m going home ; I’m going home.”

HEAVEN IS A HOME.

I love to think of heaven
As a country fair and bright ;
Its inhabitants are radiant,
In robes of spotless white ;
I love to sketch its beauties
As far as I can trace ;
Its smiles of rapture beaming
On every joy-lit face.
But, oh, it seems more beautiful,
To those who weary roam,
To contemplate the happy thought,
That heaven is a home.

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The homes of earth are beautiful
When sanctified by grace,
But that one will be brighter still
Before our Father's face.
There will be no more crying,
No sighing and no care,
No fading of the blooming cheek
That oft awakes our fear.
No vacant seats or sorrow,
No trial will be there—
A home with all its pleasures,
A home without a care.

I love to think of heaven
As a place of glory bright,
Its jewell'd walls all brilliant
With floods of living light.
The living crowns all shining
On brows that know no care,
Its thrilling music streaming
From every harp-string there.
But oh, methinks that o'er the thought
A matchless charm is thrown,
That binds in beauty round the heart,
That heaven is a home.

"JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME."

Who is there that has not been moved and comforted by reading or singing this beautiful hymn? It is not generally known, however, that it is one of the oldest hymns in the possession of the Church. It was discovered in a volume of manuscript poems in the British Museum, as old as the reign of James I. It is probable, however, that the hymn itself is of much earlier origin. A recent writer even professes to trace it back to St Augustine. We are sure our readers will thank us for giving it in one of its oldest known forms:—

Jerusalem! my happy home!

When shall I come to thee,

When shall my sorrows have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh, happy harbour of the saints!

Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow may be found,

No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
There is no death, no ugly deil,
There's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway,
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same,
Partaker aye to be !

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold ;
O God, that I were there.

Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean—
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crown'd with glory great,
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan ;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But ~~there~~ they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years,
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound,
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?

Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit
And evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the choir,
Ten thousand times that man were
blest
That might this music hear.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

CHILDREN ENTERING HEAVEN.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
" I from Greenland's frozen land ; "
" I from India's sultry plain ; "
" I from Afric's barren sand ; "
" I from islands of the main ; "
" All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky."
Each the welcome " COME " awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

EDMONDSON.

The Saints in Light.

1 PETER i. 3, 4.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.”

REV. xxii. 14.

“Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.”

REV. xxi. 27.

“And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.”

Oh, what will be the day, when hand in hand
Saints wander through the pastures green and fair !
The tears of life upon the golden strand,
As fresh as on the third-day morn, are there.
There all is new, and never shall be old ;
For time is not, nor age, nor slow decay ;
No dying eyes, no hearts grown strange and cold,
All pain, all death, all sighing, fled away.

Oh, what will be the day, when every thought
Of that dark valley we have left below,
And all remembrance of the fight we fought,
Our pilgrim-journey, long and sad and slow,
Shall only make the glory brighter far—
Shall make the peace but deeper, sweeter yet !
O'er that dark sea was Christ, our guiding star ;
Our love were fainter love could we forget.

Oh, what will be that day ! no eye can see,
No ear can hear, no heart has yet conceived
What God shall give us, and what we shall be,
When we inherit what we have believed.
O land of promise ! rough may be the road,
And long the race may be, and fierce the war,
But oh, to fight, resisting unto blood,
If there we reign with Christ for evermore.

SPITTA, 1800.



THE SAINTS IN LIGHT.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D., BATH.

“Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”—COL. i. 12.



OUR first remark refers to heaven as an “inheritance;” under this figure it is here presented to the eye. Nor is this the only passage in which the same similitude occurs. In the first of Ephesians, and the eleventh verse, we read,—“In whom also we have obtained an *inheritance*, being predestined according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.” In the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the fifteenth verse,—“And for

this cause He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressors which were under the first testimony, they which are called might receive the promise of the eternal *inheritance*." In the First Epistle of Peter, the first chapter, and the fourth verse, we have a striking unfolding of our inheritance: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively [or a living] hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an *inheritance* incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last day." And if you will turn to the first chapter of Ephesians, and the thirteenth verse, it will be observed, we have a pledge or an earnest of this inheritance: "In whom, also, after ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the *earnest* of our *inheritance*, unto the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of his glory." And if it be inquired what the saints of God do thus inherit, you will find the answer in the twenty-first chapter of

the Revelation by John, and the seventh verse :
“He that overcometh *shall inherit all things*, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.” How vast, how illimitable, then, the inheritance of the saints ! inheriting “all things.” It is a beautiful idea of heaven ; it is a lovely picture, on which the eye of faith delights to dwell. The earthly heir looks at his inheritance, surveys it, walks through it, revels amidst its beauties, and anticipates its full possession. The heir of glory has his inheritance too. It is heaven ; he looks to it, he longs for it, and soon the Saviour will come in personal glory, and put him in full possession of the purchased inheritance.

But observe whose this inheritance is. It is the “inheritance of the saints.” And who are “the saints ?” Ask the world, and it will answer, “They are the fanatics, the enthusiasts, the deluded of society.” Ask others, and they reply, “The baptised—all who have been baptised are the saints.” And ask many who profess not to be of the world, and who laugh to scorn the dogmas of the Papacy, and the semi-Popish doctrines of the Tractarian, and even they are at a loss for a better answer. But who are “the saints,” beloved ? They are the Lord’s

people,—the Lord's holy ones, of every name and from every fold. They form the whole election of grace; the chosen, ransomed, called people of God, be their outward name amongst men what it may—whether they belong to your section of the church or to mine,—all who are sanctified by God the Father, all who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, all who are renewed by the Holy Spirit, all who have “the white stone,” and “the new name” in that white stone, all who are living holy, godly lives, *all* belong to the family of the “saints.” Is it yet asked who are the “saints?” They are God's sanctified ones, in whom dwelleth the Holy Spirit, and by whose grace the Lord is day by day, step by step, carrying on that blessed kingdom of grace in their hearts, which will soon fit them for the full possession of eternal glory. You may think it, my reader, a light matter, to be a “saint”—an epithet of scorn by an ungodly world; but oh! let me tell you the day will come when you would gladly lick the very dust of the saints' feet; gladly take hold of the skirts of their garments, as they ascend up into everlasting glory. But as you loathed them

and scorned them, and persecuted them, and separated yourselves from them when upon earth—so, when they enter the abodes of glory, you will be for ever separated from them, banished into everlasting woe, to mingle and to herd throughout eternity with those with whose unrenewed natures, carnal minds, and earthly pursuits, you now sympathise and assimilate. Awful thought!

But observe, they are “the saints in light.” Shall we refer this to their *character*? They are indeed “the children of the light and of the day.” They have “passed from death unto life,” and “from darkness unto marvellous light.” The light of the Spirit is in them—the light of truth is in them—the light of holiness is in them. They, and they alone, possess real light; all others are in darkness—the darkness of death. With all a man’s deep, erudite, beautiful philosophy, his pure ethics, his splendid attainments in human science,—yet apart from the indwelling of the Spirit of grace, the inbeing of Jesus, “the Sun of Righteousness,” he is the “child of the night and of darkness.” But the “child of the day” is the true believer in Jesus, who has

been "translated out of darkness into His marvellous light," by the mere act of His sovereign mercy.

What a beautiful image of the true Christian is *light*! The child of the light! "The saints in light!" Walking in the light of a Father's reconciled face—walking in the light that beams from the cross of Jesus—walking in the light of an indwelling, teaching, sanctifying Spirit,—walking in that bright, luminous path, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Or shall we refer this description of the glorified saints to their present place of abode? Emphatically and truly, they are "the saints *in light*." They are in heaven, the abode of Him who is "Light," essential light, in whom is "no darkness at all"—"dwelling in light which no man hath seen, or can see." They are in the abodes of perfect purity, of which light is the splendid symbol; they are in the regions of perfect knowledge, of which light is the magnificent metaphor; they are in heaven, the place of perfect light, in which is no more darkness. How beautiful is this description of heaven placed before us in the Holy Word! Thus, in the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, and nineteenth

verse—oh ! what words are these ! I knew them to cheer the spirit and irradiate the dying bed of my bosom friend : “The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee ; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” He read the words, received the consolation, closed his eyes, and fled to this region of light. “The inheritance of the saints in light !” You will find the same beautiful figure, setting forth heaven, in the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, the fifth verse : “And there shall be no night there ; and they shall need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.” And if we refer to the twenty-first chapter, and the twenty-third verse, we read : “And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it ;

and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there." The glorified saints are "the saints in light." No more veilings of the Father's countenance—no more "walking in darkness, having no light"—no more mourning over divine desertions, the suspensions of the Father's experienced love—no more tears to dim the eye—no more clouds of unbelief to darken the mind—no more mental despondency to enshroud the spirit ;—they leave the gloom, and the mist, and the fog, and the darkness of ignorance, error, and pollution, behind them, and they flee to the regions of light, to "the inheritance of the saints," of which "the Lamb is the light thereof."

But you will observe, that these glorified saints are said to be "*partakers* of the inheritance." "Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." There is something very emphatic in the word, "partakers." We are "partakers" of it now, in Christ our Head. In consequence of our union with Christ, the exalted Head of the Church, we are at present "par-

takers " of this inheritance. We have the first dawnings of it in our soul: the foretaste and the antepast—and, what is best of all, the indwelling of the Spirit, who is the earnest of its possession. Beloved, we warn you against the doctrine held by some, whom yet I love, which teaches, that after passing through the great changes which we have just specified, and while standing upon the very borders of heaven, the believer may miss the goal and never enter "the inheritance of the saints in light;" be a partaker of the renewing, sanctifying grace of the Spirit, and stand accepted in the righteousness of Christ, and yet after all, may fall away and be lost for ever! We speak of this—not to wound the feelings of those who hold it—but to expose a doctrine so contrary to God's Word. We speak of it to the glory of God and of His truth, which teaches us that we have the earnest of that inheritance in the indwelling of the Spirit; and if we have the "earnest" of the inheritance in the possession of the Spirit, we must, and shall assuredly have the inheritance itself. "Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light"—"partakers" with all the saints of God—"partakers" with the whole family of the elect—

“partakers” with all the children of adoption — “partakers” with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with David, with Solomon, and with all who have gone before us, with all who have entered heaven a little in advance ; and partakers with all the “ransomed of the Lord, that shall yet come to Zion with everlasting songs upon their head, obtaining joy and gladness, their sorrow and their sighing fleeing away !” Oh, who would not be a “partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light ?”

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

No joy is true, save that which hath no end ;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever ;
No health is sound, save that which God doth
send ;
No love is real, save that which changeth
never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could
fade ;
If its fair glory could hereafter wane ;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
If time could shake its battlements, or age
Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
Or with its towers victorious warfare wage;

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
Or its rich palm-boughs shed the leaf and
die;

If there could pass upon its loveliness
One darkening taint of time's mortality;

If its bright harmonies could lose their tone,
Or one of its glad songs could silenced be;
If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
Should falter in the glorious melody;

If one of its stars should e'er grow faint,
Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn
low;

If, through its happy air, decay's dull taint
Should for a moment its poison throw?

But no; its beauty is for ever vernal;
Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal;
And ever new the song its dwellers sing

Its wandering winds need breathe no balm for
healing,

For all is health beneath its loving skies ;

Hour welcomes hour, fresh youth and bloom
revealing ;

There 'tis not death that lives and life that
dies.

Life lives, and death has died ; the rifled tomb
Has yielded back its long-imprisoned clay ;

The dreaded conqueror is overcome,

And mortal night is now immortal day.

BONAR.

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land,

Thou call'st its children a happy band ;

Mother, oh ! where is that radiant shore ?

Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs ?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand,—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its faultless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,—

It is there, it is there, my child.

MRS HEMANS.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

HEB. x. 37.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "OH, FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!"

"A little while" of mingled joy and sorrow;
A few more years to wander thus below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of
woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly
flowers;
The morn of joy—but first the tearful sowing,
Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

A few more hours of weariness and sighing—
Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin;
A little while of daily crucifying
Unto this world the evil heart within.

A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above;
A little while of watching, and of keeping
Our garments, by the power of Him we love.

“ A little while ” for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere yet we see His beauty face to face ;
A little while for healing soul-diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour’s grace.

“ A little while ” to tell the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His
own ;
A little while, ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

“ A little while,” then we shall dwell for ever
Within our bright, our everlasting home,—
Where time, or space, or death no more can
sever
Our grief-wrung hearts—and pain can never
come.

’Tis but “ a *little* while ; ” the way is dreary,
The night is dark—but we are nearing land.
Oh ! for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band.

"I AM GOING HOME."

My heavenly home is bright and fair ;
Nor pain nor death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine !
I'm going home, I'm going home —
I'm going home, to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be !
I'm going home, &c.

While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

Our Tearless Home.

REV. vii. 17.

“For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

ISA. xxv. 8.

“He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces: and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

REV. xxi. 4.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

There shall be no more tears
On the celestial shore ;
For former things have pass'd away,
And sorrow reigns no more.

Our Father's tender hand
Shall wipe our tears away,
And by His consolations sweet
Our bitter griefs allay.

There shall be no more pain ;
Our weary heads shall rest
Tranquil and calm for evermore,
On the Redeemer's breast.

There, days of anxious care,
And weeping nights are o'er ;
There, trouble like a vision fades,
And sighs are breathed no more.



OUR TEARLESS HOME.

BY THE LATE REV. W. JAY, OF BATH.

“God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”—REV. xxi. 4.

SOME knowledge of the world of glory is necessary. Without this we could have no desire after it, no sympathy with it, no preparation for it. But our acquaintance with it here is very imperfect and inconsiderable: “it doth not yet appear what we shall be.” After all the development derived from Scripture and from experience, it is a glory that *is to be* revealed. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man to conceive, the things which God has prepared for them that love him.” Our knowledge is *circumstantial* rather

than *essential*; it is *negative* rather than *positive*; it tells us what heaven is *not*, rather than what it *is*. In our present state our liveliest conception of good is the absence of evil—of pleasure is the removal of pain—of joy is the termination of grief; and so blended are these things together that it is impossible for us to think of the one without being reminded of the other. Conformably, therefore, to an experience well understood by every son and daughter of Adam, the blessedness of the heavenly world is held forth by the annihilation of every kind and degree of misery. “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

Tears stand here as significant of sorrows. Tears and sorrows are not *always* inseparable. There are some who seem to have an abundance of tears, who give ample proof that their emotions are neither very deep nor durable. And there are those who rarely weep, and yet they feel much, and feel more on that very account, as their grief wants vent. Persons in great anguish are commonly beyond the power of weeping. I have observed this in the unhappy creatures I have attended previous to execution. But in a way sufficiently general, tears are the

consequence and the evidence of sorrow, so as to stand significantly for it.

Again,—when it is said, “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,” it is supposed that it is no uncommon thing for the people of God themselves to weep. Divine grace, instead of excluding sensibility, increases it, refines it, sanctifies it; it takes away the heart of stone, and gives us hearts of flesh. God says, “They shall comewith weeping;” He has said, “Blessed are they that mourn.” Ah, Christian! you well know your religion has already cost you ten thousand tears, in addition to those which you inherited as a man; for “man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.” We read, therefore, of those who mourn in Zion—that is, in the Church, and not in the world. But they will not mourn *always*; they will not mourn *long*; “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

Let us not lose ourselves in general declamation, nor perplex you with numberless divisions and particulars; but let us notice *five* sources of these tears.

We will mention those which arise *from secular losses*. There are some of you who know very well the losses, the anxieties, the vexations,

the embarrassments, the difficulties of active life; and you are well prepared to sympathise with those who do. But there are those who are *incessantly* struggling with hardships, with unfavourable occurrences.

“And day by day some current, wanting force,
Sets them more distant from a prosperous
course.”

There are those who lie on their beds, endeared even by their sufferings, and ask what shall they eat, and what shall they drink, and wherewithal shall they be clothed: and they feel anxious not only to obtain the necessities of life, but to be able, as professors of religion, to provide things honest in the sight of all men, that the cause of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed. There are those who, by some fatal event, have failed in their resources, and thereby are blasted the fond hopes they had entertained for the education of their children, and settling them in life. How many are there who have been thrown down from the summit of affluence to the very depth of indigence, and whose present distress is embittered by the recollection of former plenty and indulgence. They are now grateful for the alms

they once themselves dispensed ; they have exchanged the mansion for the contracted apartment, and the voice of flattery for the tone of censure or reproof. And is there no female in our day to be found who has realized the substance, if not the circumstances, of the following affecting narrative :—" Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant, my husband, is dead ; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord ; and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen."

Let us notice the tears that arise *from social losses*. Perhaps there is nothing, to a person of a tender spirit, that is more trying and productive of distress than disappointment in friendship : and it is well when the providence of God, as well as the Scripture, says to us, " Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils ; for wherein is he to be accounted of ? " We can turn to him, as the Church did in the days of Micah, and say, " Therefore, I will look unto the Lord ; I will wait for the God of my salvation ; my God will hear me." Sometimes you lose your friends from infirmity, temper, ignorance, prejudice. Others of them, who are rotten at the

very core—these were sure to fail you in the hour of distress. They were friends for prosperity; and, accordingly, as soon as ever David experienced the affliction which arose from the rebellion and treason of his son—when, with his head uncovered, and barefoot, he walked up the side of the Mount of Olives, where afterwards stood the garden of Gethsemane, in which his son and his Lord agonized—one ran to him and said, “Behold, Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom;” it was on this occasion that he said, “It was not an enemy that did this, then I could have born it; but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company.” Then it was that he said, “O that I had wings like a dove! For then would I fly away and be at rest! Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness.” Thus it was with Job. Job therefore says, “My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks, they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid; what time they wax warm, they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place.”

Thus it was with Paul ; when he had appealed unto Cæsar, and when he was going to Rome, in order to appear before the emperor, the brethren came down from Rome, along the fine Appian way, as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns, fifty-two miles ; when Paul saw this, he thanked God, and took courage. Surely he could rely upon *these* in the evil hour. *Not upon one of them* ; and therefore, says he, “ At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me ; I pray God, that it may not be laid to their charge.” “ To him that is afflicted pity should be shewn from his friend ; but he may forsake the fear of the Almighty.” You may meet with cold sympathy—if it deserve the name ; and, instead of assisting, vileness may seem to take advantage of your distress.

But there are social *bereavements*, as well as defections. Paul speaks of “ the comforts of love ;” and he that does not know the comforts of love does not yet know the difference between a brute and a man. The highest pleasures of which our nature is susceptible are derived from social endearments. Ah ! you exclaim, and are not a thousand *pangs* derived from the same source ? Do we not pay dearly for all our

relative delights? Are they not expensively taxed with the pain of sympathy, the dread of separation, and the anguish of loss? It has been poetically imagined that the roses in paradise had no thorns: however this may be, we well know that *our* roses are not without them; but, as Dr Watts says,

“Our roses grow on thorns, and honey wears the sting.”

Our possessions render us fearful and anxious, and expose us to loss: and all through life, in proportion to our affections will be our afflictions; and we shall always suffer more from friends than from enemies—from our own connexion than from strangers. Alas! what sighs oppress the minds of many. Here has come to the house of God one who formerly had a fellow-Christian for a friend. They unbosomed themselves to each other in all their pleasure and griefs. There was but one heart, only it occupied two bosoms. And now he is exclaiming, “Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.” They strengthened each other’s hands in God, and found the truth of Solomon’s words, “Iron

sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart ; so doth a man his friend by hearty counsel." Here is a Rachel, she was viewing the growing charms of her babe, and was saying, "This same shall comfort us ;" but the blossom withered into dust ; and she has been laying aside its little clothes with her own hand, and sitting by the side of the drawers in the chamber, weeping for her child, and refusing to be comforted. The father viewed the son as his image, his representative, his heir ; but he has been at the mouth of the grave, where he sighed, "Thou destroyest the hope of man : childhood and youth are vanished." Here returns to her place the widow and the mother. She had a husband—she had children ; but she is now saying, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara ; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty." Here is Martha, at the feet of Jesus, saying, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And here is Jacob, shaking his gray hairs, and saying, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not : all these things are against me."

We must notice those that arise *from bodily pains and infirmities*. However you may pamper, or adorn, or indulge the body, it is what the apostle calls it, "*a vile body*;" or, as it is in the margin, "*the body of our humiliation*." And how *humble* is it in the lowness of its appetites; in the multitude and importunity of its wants; in the frailty of its frame; in the numerous diseases to which it is exposed, the seeds of which are often in the constitution, and, by external circumstances, ripen and bring forth fruit unto death. How often can an accident dismember or confine you. A few grains of sand, by collecting together in the body, will produce an obstruction that will yield such excruciating torment that the man "chooses strangling and death rather than life." Dropsy is drowning one—fever is burning up another—the palsy is benumbing a third—the ague is chilling a fourth. "So am I made to pass months of vanity," says Job, "and wearisome nights are appointed unto men. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone?—and I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day." Here is another picture (never were there such painters as the

sacred writers.) "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out. Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers." Admitting that this is not the case; allowing his constitution to be ever so vigorous, age impairs it, and loads it with infirmity, so that the man says, I cannot see, I cannot hear; "those that look out of the windows are darkened, the strong men bow themselves, the voice of the grinding is low, there is fear in the way, the grasshopper is a burden, desire fails; because man goes to his long home."

And you will observe here also, that these physical evils often becloud the mind; they often lead us to draw the conclusion that we have no part nor lot in the matter, and that our heart is not right in the sight of God. They frequently induce us to entertain unworthy apprehensions of God himself. They often, also, deprive a Christian of the public means and ordinances of religion: he is the Lord's prisoner.

He can say, "When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day." How true is it, as the poet has expressed it:—

"Lo, the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
But not to me returns rest with the day.
Ten thousand hurrying thoughts bear me away
Tumultuous, far from heaven and heavenly
work.

Alas! flesh drags me down from things celestial,
And consigns my sense to present misery.

Unhappy state! where the poor spirit is condemn'd

T' endure a painful absence, far removed
From God, and heaven, and angel's blessed
work,

And bound to bear the agonies and woes
That aching limbs and shatter'd nerves impose."

Again, why is it that a Christian does not do the things that he would? Has not his soul wings? Is he not concerned to arise and fly?

And he often practises his wings too. He is in a cage, a cage of plagues. He “groans, being burdened; not for that he would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.”

Let us refer to another class of these tears—those which arise *from moral imperfections*. And these, to a Christian, are the most painful of all. Paul, who was a great sinner, speaks of these as he does of none of his other imperfections! “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” “When I would do good, evil is present with me.” To know that his work is important, and to be unable to pursue it; to know that his progress is necessary, and to feel himself hindered at every step; to feel vain thoughts lodged within him; to be constrained to say, I have a faithful God, and I cannot trust Him—I have an infinite Benefactor, and I cannot praise Him—I have the best of Masters, and He has the worst of servants in me: to be obliged to say, My sun of experience, like Joshua’s, is standing still; or worse—My sun of experience, like Hezekiah’s, has even gone back ten degrees; this leads him to inquire,—

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?”

And by fresh trials administered by the providence of God, he discovers fresh corruptions, looks again into the chambers of imagery, and inquires, “Lord, who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.”

Another source of tears is to be mentioned—those which arise *from the wickedness of others*. Now I look upon this to be the surest evidence of the renewed mind to which we can refer. You are weeping for the souls of others, not your own, for they do not expose you to condemnation; and therefore, if you mourn over them, it must be from a religious principle. God knows this, and God is so pleased therefore, that we read in Ezekiel that the executions were stayed till the man with the ink-horn had impressed a mark on the foreheads of all those who mourned and sighed for the abominations that were done in the land at Jerusalem. Yes, wherever the Christian sees sin, he sees something that dishonours God—something that destroys a soul—some-

thing that crucified the Lord of life and glory ; and he can say with David, " I beheld the transgressors and was grieved : rivers of water run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law." He cannot see God's law trampled upon—cannot hear God's name blasphemed—cannot witness the contempt thrown upon the sacred day, and upon the glorious gospel of his Lord and Saviour, without feeling aggrieved. The people of the world often reproach Christians with being mopish and melancholy. You ungrateful wretches ! do you reproach them for this when you yourselves are the cause of a great deal of their distress and sorrow ? They weep because you *never* weep ; they mourn because you *never* mourn. They know your danger, though you are not aware of it. They see that your destruction slumbereth not, and your damnation lingereth not ; and when these things come near home, when they regard our own immediate connexions, how can they help saying with Esther, " How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred ?" I was told this one day :—A young man, now in the ministry, was the only son of his mother. She was more dependent on him than he was on her, he having

property by heirship. He was determined to repair to a place of dissipation. She opposed it, but in vain : she besought him with tears and embraces, but he said, I will go, and she could do no more. He went, she saying, as he withdrew from her presence, I shall retire to weep. He went, and conscience went along with him ; and, while he was waiting in the place for the commencement of the amusement, he said within himself, My dear mother, perhaps, is at this moment retired weeping and praying for me. The words sounded in his mind, Will you go ? —and his answer, I will go ; and he immediately repented and said, I will go from hence : and he arose immediately, and went away, and returned to the place no more. Let me mention another anecdote, now I am upon the subject. In the West of England, a pious man and woman resided, who had a son, a favourite son too, but he was of an infidel turn. A minister, who had some reputation for eloquence, was to preach in the place. They persuaded him to attend ; and, as he was fond of good speaking, he complied with their invitation. The subject was like ours this morning—the happiness of the heavenly world. All seemed charming ; but when he

looked into a corner of the pew, he saw his mother weeping, and when he looked into another corner of the pew, he saw his father weeping. When they arrived at home they asked him how he liked the preacher. "Oh," he said immediately, "it was good natural speaking; but what in the world, while all the rest seemed so delighted, could induce you to weep?" "Oh," said the mother, "I wept not because I feared I should lose this blessedness, but at the thought, my son, of *your* being deprived of it." "Ah," said the father, "seeing you weep, I wept also at the same thought." They said no more (and nothing is ever gained by noise and wordiness)—he immediately retired, and, in his chamber, said, "I have made my dear father weep, and I have made my dear mother weep long enough; it is now time to weep for myself; "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Let us pass from the tears to consider THE REMOVAL OF THEM. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The deliverance has four characters.

1. It is *divine*. "*God* shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He alone can do it; and He is able to do it; He is the Father of mer-

cies, the God of all grace, the God of all comfort. "When He giveth quietness," says Elihu, "who can make trouble? And when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him? Whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only." He can pardon the greatest guilt—He can subdue the most fearful corruption—He can make all things new.

2. The deliverance is *future*. It is not said, God *does*, but "God *shall*, wipe away all tears from your eyes." Earth will always be distinguished from heaven. Whatever tabernacles you now rear, you will soon have to take them down again : you will soon hear a voice saying, "Arise, and depart hence, this is not your rest."

There is a difference between the *race* and the *goal*. You are now running the race that is set before you ; and you are required to run with patience : the crown is suspended on high. There is a difference between the *warfare* and the *victory*. You are now in the conflict ; and though it be the good fight of faith in which you are engaged, it is a trying one ; and you often say, "So fight I as one that beateth the air." It is death that will proclaim the triumph, and say the warfare is accomplished. There is a

difference between the *seed-time* and the *harvest*. You are now sowing, and you are sowing in tears.

3. The deliverance is *complete*. "God shall wipe away *all* tears." He wipes away some *now*, and indeed *many* now. In the course of your history and experience, Christians, how many has He already wiped away! But at what period *here* can a man say, Well, now my troubles are all over—now the storm has spent all its fury—now serenity has returned. Alas! the clouds return after the rain, and deep calleth unto deep *now*. But *then*, *all* the sources of distress will be dried; *then* there will be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Nothing shall be seen but joy and gladness—nothing heard but thanksgiving and the voice of melody; for when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

4. It is *certain*. You are commanded to rejoice in hope. There are thousands who are doing this, whose hope will issue in the bitterest disappointment. But this cannot be the case with thy hope, O believer! Thy hope maketh not ashamed, because it is founded on the word

of Him that cannot lie. It is firmer in its basis than the earth or the heaven : heaven and earth *may* pass away, but His word shall *not* pass away. "God *shall* wipe away all tears from your eyes."

Christians, in the midst of your trouble, *this subject ought to comfort you*. You see that the last is the *best*, not only of some but of *all* your trials. If life be short, your trouble cannot be long. A few more watchings, a few more fightings, a few more weeping days, and all your tears will be wiped away : there are none beyond the grave. We know not what your last tear *will* be shed for ; I know what it *ought* to be shed for—that you have done so little for your God and Saviour while you are here, who has done so much for you. But whatever the last tear be that shall be shed it will be wiped away. Improve your present afflictions, therefore, to endear this blessedness ; let it render it more desirable. This will be the effect hereafter ; you will look back and be thankful, not only for the deliverances, but for the tears themselves. You will then see that all your sorrows were mercies in disguise—that the thorns which edged up your way only hindered

your roving, and turned your feet into the paths of peace—that the storm which beat upon you wrecked you unexpectedly on a happy shore, of which before you were entirely thoughtless and careless, directing your course toward a very different object. Ah, Christians! no tears *then*; none arising from worldly things—no cares in business, no perplexities in trade. No tears *then*; none arising from loss and bereavements of friends and relations. No tears *then*; none arising from bodily sickness, accident, and infirmity. The heart will heave a sigh no more, nor the head ache again. No more tears from the imperfection of graces—no more tears from the sad scene around you—your righteous soul shall be no more vexed with the filthy conversation of the ungodly—the Canaanite will be no more in the house of the Lord for ever. You will say no more, “Woe is me that I dwell in Meshec;” for you will mingle your existence with that of the blessed made perfect, with an innumerable company of angels, with Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and with God the judge of all.

THE REALMS OF LIGHT.

High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.

Blest within these high abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Them no anxious care corrodes,—
Happy in Immanuel's love.

Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Anxious doubts and gloomy fears.

These, alas! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way,—
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long, the cheerless day.

Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.

But these days of mourning o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more ;
Never, never, weep again !

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind !

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose !
There no cloud can intervene,—
There no angry tempest blows !

Every tear is wiped away,—
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

RAFFLES.

“THERE SHALL BE NO MORE
SORROW.”

Mysterious words,—not on earth's stricken
ground
Surely that “no more sorrow” shall be found ;
Not in this land of mingled night and day,
That grief shall cease, and tears be wiped
away ?

No 'tis not here,—for even joyous youth
Too often proves the melancholy truth,
That roses wither, summer flowers soon die,
The sun goes down, and clouds o'erspread the
sky.

Where, then, the realm where sorrow is un-
known,
Which joy and peace have chosen as their
own ;
Whose hours roll on unmark'd by aught but
bliss,
A happier, purer, brighter world than this ?

"Eye hath not seen," and human heart hath
not

Discover'd nor disclosed that favourite spot ;
But faith and hope th' inspiring truth receive,
And we from thence take comfort and be-
lieve ;

Believe that soon our wanderings will be o'er,
That we shall feel earth's quenchless thirst no
more ;

The soul which now to grander things aspires,
Imbibes the fulness of its large desires.

Yes,—in that land the intellect shall shine,
And master truths immortal and sublime ;
Problems resolve transcending human thought ;
Explore the wonders science never taught.

The spirit there shall feel no blighting chill,
No pain, nor anguish through the bosom
thrill ;

Envy shall cease, hush'd passions' angry tone,
And Love, triumphant Love, shall reign
alone.

The deep-drawn sigh which heaves the troubled
breast,
Shall be exchanged for calm unbroken rest ;
Who, then, regrets to quit earth's darksome
shore,
For that blest land where sorrow is no more ?
R. W. C.

THE PARADISE ETERNAL.

O Paradise eternal !

What bliss to enter thee,
And, once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be !

In thee no sin nor sorrow,
Nor pain nor death is known ;
But pure glad life, enduring
As Heaven's benignant throne.

Then all around shall love us,
And we return their love ;
One band of happy spirits—
One family above.

REV. THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.,
Roundhay, Yorkshire.

No Night in Heaven.

REV. xxii. 5.

“And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

PS. xxxvi. 9.

“For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.”

REV. xxi. 23-25.

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.”

No night in heaven, where, with saving power,
Jesus shines forth the bright and morning star;
No night in heaven, where the ransom'd sing,
And yield their homage to salvation's King.

Christians, arise ! to Zion onward flee,
Love makes the journey which through faith you see ;
Speed you to heaven, where redemption's story
Wakes a glad echo through the land of glory.

Speed you to Jesus, whose right hand of love
Pours down sweet comfort from the stores above ;
Speed you to God, who gave His Son to die
To win for souls a home beyond the sky.



NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. GEO. WILLIAM CONDER,
MANCHESTER.

“And there was no night there.”—REV. xxii. 5.

THIS vision of the heavenly, how strange it is. What a paradox! What a contrast to this earth of ours. Streets of gold, and seas of glass, and pearly gates, and rivers and trees of life, in exchange for this vile dust and dross, and worthless ugliness, and for these fruits and draughts of pain and death! A church without a temple! a realm of splendid light without a sun! a world without a sea! bodies without pain! faces with no tears and no furrows of grief! hearts without sighs! duration without mutation and reverse! life without age,

decay! no death! creatures, but no death! day, bright, blazing, gorgeous day, but no night! If one did not know it was heaven, and had not accustomed one's-self to count that name a synonym for bliss, I know not whether the prospect would cause us more pleasure than pain. "No temple!" might some devoted lover of the earthly sanctuary say; "alas, then, I shall lose my chief joy; my heaven will lack the counterpart of my highest earthly delight." And who of us that knows anything of life, anything of its work and its sorrows, its weariness and woe, that has ever cast himself down on his couch without even strength to pray, saying only, "Blessed night, sweet sleep," and has risen in the morning a strong recruited man, with his muscles quivering with that gathered force, and his heart brimful of ardour and of hope? who that has ever buried himself in sleep from the gnawings of remorse, and the bitter risings of disappointed endeavour, but awaked to hope for pardon and to begin anew? who of these is not prepared to shudder at the prospect of a life of endless day? No night! No night! No sleep! No break of the momentum of thought and feeling. No sweet hush for the panting,

sobbing heart. No grand lullaby of deep silence for the fretted soul. No withdrawal from even the publicity of home, and retirement into the innermost sanctuary of self, to meditate, and worship, and pray, "when none but God is nigh."

And yet this is heaven. The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are there. It is the rest which remaineth for the people of God. It must be blessed.

We must, then, turn our thoughts into some other channel, if we would know the blessedness and see the brightness of this picture: "There shall be no night there."

In this book of the Apocalypse, no doubt, for the most part the terms are purely symbolical, allegorical. A certain object is held up before you, as a sea of glass, but it is presented not that it may catch your attention for its own sake, but that it may suggest to you some other thing. It is the hieroglyphic writing of a cultured age, adopted in the Scriptures for the purpose of giving dark hints of facts in the future, which may not yet be more fully described, but which the events themselves shall rid of all their mystery. There are, however, intermingled with

the symbols some terms which are simple, direct truth, and not poetry or symbol, such as, in this very description of heaven, the expression—"neither sorrow nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain." That is naked truth—truth that needs to be dressed in no poetic garb or guise to make it worthy to mingle with these beautiful poetic symbols ; a piece of prose, whose meaning is itself so full of poetry that the simplest statement of it is enough. But there are some few phrases which, I think, are a sort of intermediate link betwixt these two. They are partly symbolic and partly literal, or rather they are to be interpreted *both* as symbol and as letter. To this class, I think, our text belongs. That we are to understand it as meaning that there shall be no such alternation of light and darkness as is the condition of the present state, and which exerts so incalculably great an influence on the whole present condition of our life ; and that we are also to regard it as expressing, in a poetic and figurative manner, other things of a more immaterial nature belonging to the heavenly state.

Let us, in the first place, take it as literal truth, and see what anticipations of joy can be

deduced from the truth, that there shall be no night in heaven.

The possibility or probability of such an altered condition of existence we need not stay a moment to discuss. For aught we know to the contrary, it may be the condition of existing worlds at this moment of time. We know that there are members of our planetary system whose day and night are much longer than ours. And even upon our own globe, owing to a peculiarity in its own shape, and to the angle of its own axis with the plane of its orbit round the sun, there are spots where there is, for months together, scarcely any day or night, the sun never rising high enough above the horizon to make perfect day, and never sinking wholly below it to produce the darkness of night. In a word, as in *all* the other works of God, without exception, you find a measureless infinite *variety* of things, as the number of worlds is itself incomputable, so we can hardly help concluding that the conditions of their life in respect of light are all but infinitely various, one of the main elements of the perfect state being—"There is no night there."

It will appear obvious to you at once, that for

this condition of life to be a blessing, some very great change must take place in us, who are to pass out of this present alternation of darkness with light into eternal and unbroken day. In our present condition night is an unmitigated blessing. It is the frequent and regular visit of the great angel of rest and peace. It is the strong but gentle hand of God closing for us the eyes that cannot bear perpetual light. The morning comes, and the waking world goes forth to its work and labour until the evening. In the sweat of his brow man eats his bread. Toil, toil, toil ! is the incessant cry of the dumb and patient earth to the throng that tread her lovely floor. None but a favoured few escape the great necessity, and these are often to be pitied more than envied. And how often to the toil of sinew and limb does man, in his ignorance and folly, or in his pride and haste to be rich, add the toil of brain and heart. And, lo ! in a few hours the strongest are weary and worn. This proud heir of the world and lord of its material is compelled to desist. His implements fall from his hands. His knees bend under him. His eyes shrink from the light. His busy brain grows torpid. His tongue cleaves

to the roof of his mouth. His heart strains at its work. The flame of his life begins to flicker. The oil may be there, but it will not burn. The lamp must be trimmed and cleaned. The axle of his life is heated and choked; it must rest and cool, or it will snap. A few short hours have brought all this wondrous machinery to a stand. Ay, the very heart is weary; that blest fount of courage and energy, enterprise and hope—that subtle might of the grosser strength, that fly-wheel that carries the crank of action over the dead points—begins to fail. That grand source of the life of life will soon sicken if it may not empty itself a while, and mingle in a time of rest the spiritual elements of the chemistry of life. All this in a few short hours. What puny things we are after all! How like the little child at his lessons, wearied in a fragment of an hour; or the infant in his early totterings, exhausted in a few short steps!

Nor is there any escape for any of us from this condition of our present life. We may be very eager about our work; determined that we will conquer nature's weakness; that we will not succumb to such a baffling necessity; that

we will live night and day; will make gold in darkness and in light; will not leave off our grand attempt at solving the unknown just when we begin to feel equal to it. But if we do so it is only folly. We achieve no more in the long run than the wiser men who do succumb to nature. We die earlier; our powers waste more rapidly. The machinery does not live to wear out, it suddenly breaks down. The old fable of the hare and the tortoise holds here. The patient diligent man wins the race of life. Our work may be very lofty and grand, but we are compelled constantly to lay it down. The thinker and the philanthropist must shut up the windows of the mind and the sluices of the heart; must break that grand momentum that sometimes seems to give a superhuman vision and capacity, and begin again to-morrow with a great quiet force. And night is the minister of it all. It is the break of Providence gently applied to the glowing wheels of life.

But "there shall be no night there!" and therefore, we must assuredly conclude, none of those imperfections of nature which make it now a necessity and a bliss.

In the first place, then, I think that this

points at the grander capacity of that new body we shall receive, when, having been divested of this mortality, we shall put on immortality, and be clothed upon with our house that is from heaven: when we shall enter into that spiritual body which Paul assures us there is, as well as the natural body of whose existence we know, alas, too much.

Infirmity is the condition of *this* body. Infirmary. But what does that mean? We *cannot* say *that* about the powers of the tiniest thing that our eye observes. The little spider that hangs himself down by an invisible thread from the tip of a taper leaf is not infirm. His body is as big as his soul, and his powers measure his desires. He can fill all the universe that he perceives, and accomplish all the feats that he can wish. Measure him, weigh him truly, *i.e.*, by his own nature, and then put him beside man, and he overtops his proud scorning fellow-creature. He *can do* whatever is needful to be done: build his house, get his living, take his pleasure; and all without a sense of weakness or constraint. But man's spirit is too strong for his body. Now, and under these conditions of sin and curse which we have in-

herited, our thoughts, wishes, and sometimes our necessities are greater than our powers. We jump, and jump, and jump after the grapes of good, but they hang too high for us, and our only comfort is in persuading ourselves they are sour. We strain, and strain, and strain with our load, but we are fain to lie down by its side. We toil, toil, toil at our problem, till our brain burns, and throbs, and swims, and our eye refuses to see—infirmity.

But there is no infirmity in heaven. Completely emancipated from sin by the purification, the purgatory of death, we shall have none but right desires, aims, ambitions, and our powers shall be equal to them all. There shall be no clutchings at illusive good; no straining effort to accomplish our end. We shall think of the days when we used to say,—with what bitterness of tone—bitterness distilled from our very heart,—“*I wish* I could do it. Oh *how I wish* I could do it.” But we shall never say it again. We shall think of it as the master of some science thinks of his schoolboy days, when the rudiments of it were to him all but impossible tasks. That there shall be *occupation* there, cannot be doubted. Splendid, glorious work!

But nothing to make us shrink from it, as now ; or look back at it with a sigh or a curse, as a thing which has drained us of pleasure and of strength. There shall be no counterpart there of the labourer looking anxiously to see how low the sun is in his path, and longing for the return of night ; or of the student grasping his head with his hand, because truth itself, in the process of its attainment, is a trouble and a pain ; nor of the great and loving-hearted self-sacrificer, coming home from most Christian employ, and saying, "I have done so much ; but I have been obliged to leave so much undone : " that *undone* task diluting terribly the joy of what is done. Our work shall never weary us. Our task involve no pain. Our worship shall never exhaust us ; our service leave us still as fit to serve. We shall desist and change, no doubt. Our life shall have its infinite variety. But the change shall be all the more delightful that it is not needful as a sort of rest. It shall be simply the gratification of taste and inclination ; these themselves synonymous then with duty and with right. Nor shall anything be too great or too high for us. There shall still be gradation of power, and function, and rank :

and many now last shall be first. But each one of us will know his place and keep it. His thoughts of desire will be wholly bounded by his orbit of power; and he shall fill that as easily as the worlds pursue their rounds. Surely all this is included in that idea, "a perfect body," equal to all the necessities of the inhabiting, ruling soul. Thus much we truly gather from the truth, "No night in heaven."

GOOD NIGHT TILL THEN.

I journey forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears.
When Christ, our Lord, shall gather
All His redeem'd again,
His kingdom to inherit—
GOOD NIGHT, till then !

I go to see His glory,
Whom we have loved below ;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints to know.

Our lovely one departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us—
GOOD NIGHT, till then !

I hear the Saviour calling,
The joyful hour has come,
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home ;
Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather
All His redeem'd again,
His kingdom to inherit—
GOOD NIGHT, till then !

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME.

Ascend, Beloved, to the joy,
The festal day has come ;
To-night the Lamb doth feed His own,
To-night He with His Bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown
In the great upper-room.

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage-hall ;
By angel-hands the board is spread,
By angel-hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid ;
The King His own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof
Like stars in night's round dome ;
The festal wreaths are hanging there,
The festal fragrance fills the air,
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,
Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferr'd, now come at last,
The Lamb's glad wedding-day ;
The guests are gathering to the feast,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest ;
How bright the new array !

Sorrow and sighing are no more,
The weeping hours are past ;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding-robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun ;
The crown has come at last.

No Night in Heaven.

(Continued.)

ISAIAH lx. 19, 20.

“The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down ; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”

ZECH. xiv. 6, 7.

“And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark : but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night : but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”

And I with faltering footsteps journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone ;
And like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

Waiting we stand,
And watching till our Saviour shall appear,
Joyful to cry, as eastern skies grow clear—
“The Lord's at hand !”

But now the night
Presses around us, sullenly and chill ;
Pain, doubt, and sorrow seem to have their will—
Lord, send the light !

One after one,
Thou hast call'd up our loved ones from our sight,
For them we know that there is no more night—
But we are lone.

Weary we wait,
Lifting our heavy eyes, bedimm'd with tears,
To skies where yet no trace of dawn appears—
Lord, it is late !

But yet Thy Word
Saith, with sweet prophecy that cannot fail,
That light o'er darkness shall at length prevail—
We trust Thee, Lord !

O morning Star
Of heavenly promise ! light our darken'd way,
Till the first beams of the expected day
Shine from afar.

So will we take
Fresh hope and courage to our fainting hearts,
And patient wait, though every joy departs,
“Till the day-break.”



NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

(Continued.)

BUT more. I have spoken a little while since of night and sleep as the break to life's momentum. There shall be no need of that in heaven. Its *life* shall be perfectly balanced and adjusted ; shall be right and true. One incessant feature of our present life, one of its great laws, whose action I dare say we have all felt, is, that as we continue in the practice or pursuit of a thing we grow more interested in it, more eager about it, more capable with regard to it. It is a beautiful and good law ; but, like every other, through our sin it works mischievously ; for it acts in us irrespective of our aims and ends. It holds for bad things as well as good ; for little as well as great.

Even for good ends it is a wise and merciful provision for our imperfections. God comes and says to us every night, "Stop a while, and begin again; look at your work; don't do it blindly; infuse new life and principle into it; do it from something better than the force of habit; enlarge your aim; widen your reach; I give you a new centre from which to work every day; or rather, power to choose your centre, and so improve your circle if you need." Or else our heavenly Father says to us by this law, "My child, this thing is good, but thou art a creature of many sides and many relations; touch them all; stop and look about thee; be not fitful, fanciful, capricious; yet be not narrow; look on life afresh every morning with that energy which sleep gives thee; look *before* thee, and note all the points that present themselves in thy present stage." And oh, how merciful proves this law when our aims are little and bad. Every day the wicked man has a new chance. God says to him, "Now stop in thy downward career; lie down and rest a while; and when thou wakest, turn thy steps upward again. Something tells thee thy time has been misspent to-day, thou hast called thyself fool,

hast despised, loathed thyself. Begin again, then, start afresh ; I soothe thy ruffled spirit for thee to-night ; to-morrow, obey thy better impulse and live a truer life."

But for all this there shall be *no need in heaven*. There shall be no night there. Those two magnetic poles of our being between which we revolve and which determine the whole orbit of our duty—God and our fellows—shall be 'at their proper relative distances from us, and we shall feel the full attraction of both ; the counter current of selfishness which here destroys all their force, shall there itself be neutralised, destroyed. Our aims shall all be right and our impulses in due proportion to them. As the healthy life of nature in its own proper conditions brings forth its proper products, in proper and natural amounts, and needs no artificial check nor restraint, so we, our manifold being properly adjusted, shall live a life of calm and right activity and enjoyment, in which there shall be no danger to be guarded against. We shall, doubtless, improve indeed ; but it will be the improvement of growth, development, and not of correction and alteration. We shall lose from our vocabulary that word which plays so

important a part in our present speech, To-morrow ! for we shall not want it there. No beginning again through failure of to-day ; no picking up of the dropped threads of life : dropped in carelessness or sin, or through weariness and want of power ; no great providential arrest of our course, because it is getting ungovernable, and mischievous and destructive. But just such a steady happy development as the wise man wishes for here ; just such perfection of relation to all the various things our nature touches as now and then flashes over our thought now, but seems too hopeless even to be wished. So much again I argue from the thought, " No night in heaven."

But time warns me now to turn to other aspects of this truth. I drop now the literal sense of these words, and carry your thoughts on to that which I believe to be equally couched in them, viz., the symbolical and poetic.

What, then, is the chief characteristic of the night, that for which the word has been synonymous in all languages and times ? It is darkness ! This makes the night ; this is the thought which we find inseparable from night.

But of what again is this the symbol univer-

sally acknowledged and used? Is it not ignorance?—the shutting away from the mind of its proper objects, of that which it wishes and needs to know, as night shuts out from sight the things we love or want to see.

In this sense, then, there shall be no night there! The change we shall experience in this respect, my brethren, will be far more blessed and surprising than that of which I last spoke, the putting on by this corruptible and mortal of incorruption and immortality. For as you rise into the higher regions of man's nature, you find the mischief of sin more deadly and ruinous. We seem indeed to know much and to see widely now. Man's glance is a keen and far-reaching one. With cunning subtilty we detect the close-kept secrets of the universe, and handle lines of thought that numbers scarce can measure, and only strongest mind can bear. Far into the unseen we dive and speak with certainty, as if we had handled and felt and known, of things of grandest breadth and depth and height. And yet we see only as through a glass darkly; we walk as by the light of stars. The truth we see we descry but dimly and with much straining of the eyeballs of the mind; we see a few of the

most prominent peaks of distant truth, but not the whole region in its grand grouping, and its glorious native hues. And what tremendous mysteries there are still, what huge regions enveloped in perpetual cloud! Of God how little we know! We see His footsteps now and then, and watch the shadow of His hand, but *there* we shall see His face. Of Providence how little we know! We look on a path that is in the sea, and are baffled by ways that are so much higher than our own, that we cannot see them either wise or good. As a little foolish child cannot understand the wise and kind method of its parent, so do we misunderstand and misjudge our Father who is in heaven. But there the plan shall unfold itself; we shall look on the map of our windings in the wilderness, and see how blessed the track that the pillar of fire and cloud have been leading us; we shall see some of the long links that hold together separate things, the movements of only one of which we could see, and which it baffled us to compute; we shall descry some of the balances of God, the very beam and pointer, whose *one* scale only we can scan in life; we shall see the grand breadth

and length of those purposes whose tardy fulfilment so often shakes the very foundations of our faith ; the darkened glass shall be removed, and things shall appear to us, undazzled, in their proper glory. Of ourselves, how little we know ! What a puzzle our own freedom is to us ! How confused an account is all that we can give of our past history, our present condition, our inward constitution and endowment ; how the balances of right and wrong tremble in our grasp ! and how thick with haze even to the strongest faith is that perspective of the future which we cannot but descry ! But there we shall know as we are known ; what we are and why we are ! how related to God, to self, to the infinite universe ; our powers and limitations ; our present duty and future destiny Not that there will then be no mysteries and no secrets. The finite can never fully measure, search, grasp the Infinite. But they shall not be what they are now, baffling, tantalizing, provoking, humbling things. We shall bow before them as never meant for us ; our ignorance of them will be known to be bliss ; we shall not wish to scale the mount of God and profanely scrutinize where

we should reverently kneel ; perhaps even less than now we shall wish to know some things : and that will be a gain.

But still we shall know all that we shall wish and need to know. The great veil of the Holiest shall be rent at death, and we shall behold a new and brighter, though never perhaps the full and perfect manifestation of Deity ; a stronger light shall stream upon the universe, and shew us all that we have been groping to find, that finer symbol-writing, too delicate and faint for a fleshly eye to discern ; we shall ask and have no ambiguous oracle's reply, no speculator's peradventure, no vague hap-hazard guess of our own ignorance ; but the key shall be given us and we shall search to find. *There shall be no night there.*

And now once more, and finally. There is another thing for which night stands as a symbol, and which gives us a crowning conception of the bliss of heaven, in that there is no night there. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." There is the night of weeping ; the darkness of sorrow ; the midnight of despair ; clouds of trouble ; gloomy abysses of doubt and anguish ; days of dark-

ness and adversity. Joy is sunshine : sorrow is shade. The use of night is familiar to you all. There shall then be no night of the soul in heaven. The darkness is lonely, it is the time of fear and helplessness ; it is the hour of chill and cold ; it hangs like a funeral pall upon the lovely world, and shuts out all that is cheerful, gay, bright, electric to our souls ; it severs us, if we yield to it, from all to which we are related, and leaves us alone with self and God : and so there is something awful in it. It is not wonderful, then, that it should have been made the symbol of sorrow and woe and even death. But there shall be no night there. This plaintive melody, this sometime anguished wail of life shall cease : shall melt or burst into the jubilant eternal hymn. The clouded, changeful morning of the soul shall have climbed to meridian splendour, never to sink into dim twilight or set in gloom. The sense of loneliness which has here at times seemed to press in the heart at all sides as if to crush it ; that dreadful darkness that might be felt, which the Saviour experienced when He cried " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " shall be known no more, and the companionship of the blest, the fellow-

ship of God, shall be ours for evermore. The thick darkness of the dire consciousness of sin, and doubt of Divine mercy, shall never return upon us : for we shall never, never sin, we shall know ourselves redeemed for ever from its curse and power. The dreadful gloom of bitter sorrow and disappointment shall be absent, for there shall be no possibility of loss ; no moth corrupts, no thieves break through nor steal ; there shall be no faithless friends to desert or deceive us, or viper-like to bite the bosom that has cherished them to life ; there shall be no sandy foundations on which our precious structures, the fruit of a life of pains, shall crumble and fall ; there shall be no fell breaths of pestilence, and no hail of the darts of death, to smite our dear ones from our close embrace and tear them from our grasp ; there shall be no sharp cry of pain ; blessings shall not be born of pangs, nor ushered into life with cries ; and winged shapes of joy and love shall never fly away to leave us only the memory of their bright plumage and sweet songs. The soul shall not sit in darkness and refuse to be comforted, loathing the very light ; nor be wrapt in darkness longing for day-break, and wondering when the tardy dawn will come ; nor walk

in darkness as through a valley of the shadow of death. There shall be no night there!

Where? where? There, brethren, in the foreground of life; not very far off from any of us; from some of us a little day's journey; a few more breezes shall fill our sails, and we shall enter the haven; a few more nights shall fold us in their sweet embrace, and then farewell night and weariness and darkness and woe; a few more tears shall scald those furrowed cheeks, and then joy, joy for ever; a few more sighs shall swell those oft-swollen hearts, and then eternal peace. A little day's journey! What matters the roughness, the toil, the loneliness, the failing script, the broken staff, the fading sight; a few more steps and *Home!* and from none of us very far; *always in sight, if, if!* Ah, if what? If we are sailing for it, marching to it, aiming at it, pressing toward the prize. And if not, what? Ah, *what?* Everlasting darkness: the darkness of death.

“EVEN SO.”

Lord, when my sky is overcast,
And earthly bliss is fading fast,
I would not murmur at Thy way,
But strive obedient still to say,—
“Even so, Father.”

I know that Thou forgettest not
The griefs that cloud Thy children's lot :
Each sorrow claims Thy sympathy ;
Would I could breathe with every sigh,—
“Even so, Father.”

Ruler of all, Thou art a God
Whose fond affection guides the rod ;
And should I at Thy love repine ?
Ah, nay, Thy will be done in mine—
“Even so, Father.”

R. E. M.

THE MASTER IS COME, AND
CALLETH FOR THEE.

Rise from the tear-dew'd bed,
Mourner, with o'er-crush'd heart and aching
eyes,
Lamenting for the loved and early dead—
The Master comes, arise.

Thou, o'er whose leaning-trust
The scorching desert-wind has rudely blown,
And laid thy treasure in the ruthless dust,
And left thee reft and lone;—

Thou, whose young life is quench'd
In the deep darkness of an early night;
From whose frail arms the dearest has been
wrench'd,
Come to a holier light;—

Thou, who for weary years
Hast carried *hope* within thy secret breast,
And nursed and nourish'd it with burning
tears,
And yet hast found no rest.

Come, for the Master calls ;
The Resurrection and the Life shall be
Release from the grim sadness that enthrals,
And peace and joy to thee.

Come quickly to His side ;
And though the beating storm of trial last,
In the dear shelter of His love abide
Till it be over-past.

He will bind up the heart
Broken and bleeding—pouring oil and balm ;
And bid the sorrows of the night depart,
And leave a holy calm.

Stay not amid the grief,
For, lo ! the Master comes and calleth thee.
Oh, haste thee, mourner, to the sure relief,
He will thy comfort be !

HEAVEN.

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, Thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne,
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour, and my God.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Bathed in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem.
City fairest,
Splendour rarest,
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal white.
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving
Celestial evergreen.
Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee for ever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Streams of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace,

No harps by thee hang silent,
No happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee.

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near,
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee !

BONAR.





Recognition in the Future Life.

1 COR. xiii. 12.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

2 SAM. xii. 23.

"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

1 THESS. ii. 19, 20.

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue ;
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walk'd with in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.
BISHOP MANT.

Yes ! the hour—the hour is hasting,
Spirit *shall* with spirit blend ;
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end !
Let, then, thoughts hold sweet communion,
Let us breath the mutual prayer,
Till in heaven's eternal union,
Oh, my friend ! to meet thee there !

Oh, when a mother meets on high
The child she lost in infancy,
Has she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe—the watchful night—
For all her sorrows and her tears—
An overpayment of delight ?



RECOGNITION IN THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. H. HINTON, M.A.



WHATEVER difficulties may attach to our conception of the *mode* of recognition in the future life, (and of them we shall speak presently,) no doubt at all, it seems to us, can be entertained of the fact. Although nowhere, that we recollect, asserted in express terms in Holy Writ, it is taught by necessary implication. It is certain that in the future life there must be a recollection of the *facts* which have occurred in this, since there is to be a "day in which God will judge the secrets of men," and "will render to every man according to his deeds." Without a recollection of facts, universal,

minute, and vivid, such a process of judgment could not take place; and marvellous as such a practical restoration in memory of life, now, in great part, so rapidly and so completely forgotten, may appear, it is inevitably presupposed as the basis either of any estimate of moral character, or any acts of retribution, whether of punishment or reward. Several of our Lord's parables are obviously founded on this idea. Now, to our minds, a recollection of facts necessarily brings along with it a recollection of persons. As our life cannot in fact be abstracted from the persons amidst whom it is spent—from those on whom we act, and those by whom we are acted upon—so neither can it be in memory. And the recollection of persons seems to us to involve their recognition, if an opportunity for such recognition is given. It is conceivable that in the future life no such opportunity might be given; that, in the vast multitudes of the human race, those who have been most intimately acquainted on earth might never meet; but that they should meet and, with a vivid recollection of all their intercourse, not recognize each other, seems to us, we confess, inconceivable.

Besides the parables of our Lord, to which

reference has already been made, there is to be found in the Scriptures at least one clear case of anticipated recognition. What but such an expectation breathes in the following language of the apostle Paul? "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming?" (1 Thess. ii. 19.) Here it is evident the apostle looks forward to a recognition in the future life of those who had been converted under his ministry. Now such an instance cannot stand alone; it must be a part of a system, without which it could not exist, and the existence of which it inevitably implies. If Paul will recognise his converts, assuredly they are not the only persons whom he will recognise; and if he will recognise those whom he has known on earth, assuredly he is not the only one of human kind who will do so.

While the fact of recognition in a future life is beyond question, great difficulties, as we have already hinted, attach to our conception of the manner in which it will be effected.

In touching this part of the subject, we begin by observing that future recognition is rendered quite independent of the *body*, by the distance

at which the resurrection of the body is placed from us. If recognition in the future life takes place at all, it is scarcely to be supposed that it will be held in abeyance during the period antecedent to the resurrection, to await the re-appearance of mankind in the body; it is much more reasonable to suppose that it will occur immediately on our entrance on the future life, and, consequently, while we are in the condition of disembodied spirits.

By this consideration the manner of future recognition may seem to be thrown at once, and entirely, into darkness; inasmuch as we do not, and cannot, know anything at present of the manner in which disembodied spirits either perceive, or are perceived. While we are in the body, the corporeal organisation is so intimately blended with all our spiritual action, that the action of a spirit without a body is, of necessity, an impenetrable mystery to us. Nothing remains to us but a general persuasion of the existence of some mode of recognition, of great facility, vividness, and beauty.

It may be suggested, however, as possible, and not, perhaps, improbable, that disembodied spirits may be recognisable, and may actually

recognise each other, by character. It is the highest excellence of the body itself, that, in some degree, it expresses character. Every member has, to some extent, this aptitude, but above all, the countenance; and it is not only by the form and figure, but also by the expression—and pre-eminently by the expression—that we arrive at personal recognition; so much so, that, if the expression were to be materially altered, we probably should not know our oldest and most intimate friends. The character is the great object of our personal affection, and the visible features only constitute the vehicle for its exhibition. Even without the exercise of the senses at all, merely by actions, or by words reported to us, we often recognise those we love; and exclaim in a moment, “I am sure it was my father, or my husband, or Mr So-and-so, who said or did that; it is so like him.”

Now it must certainly be supposed that the aspect of a spirit without a body will be at least as expressive of character as that of a body in which a spirit dwells—it may be said, unspeakably more so; so that recognition of a spirit by a spirit would be facile and perfect to a degree now unknown. And the diversity exist-

ing among men, the peculiarities of which mark them out as individuals, must be quite as easily expressed in aspects of character, as of features. It is certainly a wonderful thing that a face, consisting of some three or four features, should be so susceptible of so many modifications as to exhibit individually so many millions of human beings, and yet that no two faces should be alike; but the elements of character are far more numerous, and capable of far more significant combinations. Why may not spiritual aspects of the intelligent, the noble, the pure, the affectionate, supply the means of personal recognition, at least as well as the contour of the forehead, the formation of the eye, or the curvature of the lip? At least as well, and why not a great deal better?

The distinctness of character is in some cases strongly marked to us by historical familiarity, without any personal acquaintance. Peter, Paul, and John, are already portraits to us. Let us suppose that we now saw their character in spiritual embodiment, (if we may be allowed to use the expression,) should we not at once recognise them? And, graven as those we love are upon our memories, might we not recognise

them by such an exhibition of their character too?

It is true that the completion of the work of sanctification must be expected to throw over all characters some kind of uniformity, inasmuch as all will be made perfectly holy; but it can hardly be supposed that even this will annihilate all constitutional and other differences, and render all men so much alike that one cannot be known from another.

If the disembodied spirit has an aspect recognisable by character, it remains to inquire, (if one may venture so far,) what alteration in this aspect may be effected by the resurrection of the body, and its reunion to the spirit.

Undoubtedly, the body to be raised will be the same body as is now deposited in the earth; but this affirms nothing until we have ascertained wherein the identity of the body consists. It is quite certain that this does not consist in the presence of any of the grosser particles composing it at any particular time, since it is an ascertained fact that such particles are perpetually shifting, and that, at the distance of many years—probably even of a few—not one of those constituting the body at a former period

remains in it. In what sense, then, is the body of the babe the same as that of the old man? Is it only that the change has been gradual, and not violent? Or is it not rather, that some more refined material of a permanent nature constitutes, so to speak, the germ of the corporeal organisation, and is capable of developing itself into a body, at once essentially the same as the old, and widely different from it? The occurrence of such a change as this would seem to bring other changes in its train.

The language of the Scriptures, however, makes it clear that the raised body, while essentially the same, will differ greatly from the present in what may be called its accidents. In his well-known discourse in 1 Cor. xv., the apostle supposes an objector to say, "How are the dead raised up? and *with what body* do they come?" And he answers by the comparison of the seed, in the course of which he says, "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; . . . but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him." It cannot be unfair to infer from this comparison, that the body which is laid in the grave bears a relation to that which shall be raised out of it somewhat similar to that which

a grain of wheat bears to the ripe wheat-ear, and that the dissimilarity may be as great in the one case as in the other. Further on in the same chapter, the apostle describes the change which takes place at the resurrection, by saying, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body;" and he takes occasion from this phrase to lay down the general proposition—"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." The phrase "a natural body" is scarcely intelligible; the apostle's idea would be more correctly expressed by the phrase, "an animal body." But now, what can "an animal body," and, as contrasted with it, "a spiritual body," be, but a body adapted to the purposes respectively of an animal or a spirit? This, no doubt, the same body may, under different modifications, be—under one modification adapted to the use of an animal, and under another adapted to the use of a spirit; but this surely involves very great changes, inasmuch as the modes of action of an animal and of a spirit must be widely different. It would seem as though the adaptation of the human body to the use of the spirit, when human existence shall be no longer animal, could scarcely involve less

than an entire abolition of its present form and organisation.

It is sometimes asked, Is not the human form a thing too beautiful to be abolished? Can we suppose the resurrection to do more than perfect its beauty? We think that, in this question, the beauty of the human form is too highly estimated. It is doing it no injustice to say that its beauty lies mainly, if not entirely, in its adaptation. In a condition in which none of the purposes of bodily life could be carried out, the supposed beauty of the body itself would entirely vanish. And much as we extol the beauty of the human form, there is only one part of it—the face—which we care to exhibit: the “less comely parts” of it we array with “more abundant honour.” Are splendid robes to be worn hereafter?

It has by some been supposed that the glorified body of Christ retains the form of the present human body; but we think erroneously. Undoubtedly, the body of Christ after it was raised from the grave differed, as the history shews, from its previous condition: it had undergone a great change; but it seems impossible not to suppose that it underwent a further, and a still

greater change, on His ascension into heaven. Then only, we conceive, did He assume His glorified body, the type of the "spiritual body," which awaits His followers at the resurrection.

For ourselves, we confess that the present form and aspect of the body altogether remove themselves from our conception of the mode of future recognition; and we are quite willing that they should do so. It is enough for us to hope that the raised body will, in some manner, act as a transparency, (if we may be allowed the expression,) to let the higher beauty of the spirit shine through.

To pass to another aspect of the subject before us. It is a question of some interest, whether recognition in the future life will involve the revival of the relations which have been sustained in this. Inwrought as these relations are into our very being here, it seems hard to think that they will not revive with the recovery of our mutual knowledge, and difficult to conceive how we shall recognise those who have been our parents or our children, and not claim them as such for ever. Upon full consideration, however, it would not seem that such a view can be maintained.

As these relations are of earthly origin and adaptation, so it seems reasonable to think that they will be only of earthly duration. Here they answer beneficial and important purposes ; but hereafter they will be of no use. Since there will be neither children to be trained nor infirm parents to be cherished, the parental and filial relations would be merely nominal, and practically null.

In the present world, it may be further observed, these and similar relations do not stand naked and alone ; they are surrounded by groups of congruous circumstances and associations, such as cannot be transferred to another world. Here every family has, and requires, a home ; and pursues a life, if more or less social, also more or less isolated. But assuredly heaven and hell are not to consist of family groups like these.

Nor does it seem possible, indeed, to carry out a conception of this kind to the necessary length, without involving ourselves in the grotesque and the ludicrous. Within the compass of two generations—a third is rarely reached ; such a conception may be practically realised ; but in a multitude the fruit of a hundred generations, a

promiscuous multitude, in which the order of generation would not be observed, and in which the fathers of every generation must be the children of that which preceded it, domestic scenes and family groups naturally and entirely disappear.

And to this must be added a consideration of great solemnity; namely, that, on moral grounds, there is no security for the reconstruction of family groups in another world. There is a heaven and a hell, but there is no certainty that all the members of any single family will be found in either of them. If of one family many be saved, some may be lost; and if of another family many be lost, some may be saved. In such cases, of course, family reunion is impossible, and yet it is hard to think that such cases will be exceptions to a general rule; and if the affections appropriate to the domestic tie continue to exist, it is impossible to conceive how such deficiencies in the group can be regarded by the blessed without an agony of pain unspeakable.

By these views we are led to ask whether any probable reason can be assigned for this dying out of earthly relations in the future life; and

we think that at least one pertinent observation may be made. In the future life our nature is assuredly destined to a large—in all probability a very large—development. Freed from the fetters which the corporeal organization has imposed, the emancipated spirit will start into an amplitude and vigour of being, of which at present we have little or no conception. But all this development will be ours simply as human beings, and none of it will attach to the phases of our existence which have been local and temporary. In all that is essential to human nature we shall be exalted, and in proportion as the essential is exalted, that which was accidental will be diminished and fall away. Now the relations which we here sustain are all of them accidental. As we come into being we bear none of them but the filial; and that this is not less accidental than the others is manifest from the fact that the first of our race did not sustain even this. It is not in the nature of things that accidents of this sort should incorporate themselves essentially with our being; local in their origin, and temporary in their object, decay and extinction seem to be their natural destiny. The future life may be expected to present to us the

human being as such—man as man, or man in his maturity. It does not appear, even, that mankind will be exhibited in the simplest relation, as Adam and his children. It might have been so had the federal relation between Adam and his posterity still subsisted, and their happiness been secured by his obedience ; but since it is not so, but all—the first parents of the race as well as the rest—have been placed in a position of individual responsibility, it would seem that the whole race will hereafter stand as rational beings related only to God, the Maker and Ruler of all. As no infancy, no youth, no age, but MAN ; so, no husband, no wife, no parent, no child, no sister, no brother, but MAN. We have met somewhere with an incident which pleased us, and which may illustrate the idea, we have been endeavouring to set before our readers. It is narrated that, at some place on the Continent, in a season of persecution, a Christian father and son were led together to execution, and that their last act was to take each the hand of the other, with the words, “No longer father and son, but brothers in Christ.” Yes ; that will be the only relative tie existing in heaven, “brothers in Christ.” So much, at

least, of earthly language is as yet necessary to help out our poor conceptions of the glory which is to be revealed.

Our readers will not, we trust, feel that there is any real inconsistency between the earlier and the later views which we have now set before them. We began by affirming the fact of future recognition, and we now reaffirm it. We shall doubtless recollect all our present relations *as facts*, but as facts which have been, rather than as facts which are. "We *were* husbands and wives, parents and children," we may conceive it to be said hereafter, "although we are not now; and those relations had so much to do with our moral character and conduct that they contribute powerful moral elements to our present happiness or misery."

Much that we have already said has related equally to the human race, whether saved or lost. We will now turn our eyes for a moment to the redeemed, and inquire how much, or rather what part, of the love which is felt on earth may be expected to revive with the recognition of heaven.

Our love for each other in this world is clearly of various kinds. There is, for example, the

love of the sexes, the love of relationship, the love of personal friendship, the love of social intercourse; there is also what may be called a holy love, a love of one another produced by the image of Christ discerned in us, and exercised in mutual devout affections and Christian activities. Now, of all these kinds of love, the last is the only one which can be supposed to remain in the future life. It seems to us that all other love must be conceived to become utterly extinct with the present life. Our holy love, however, will not perish. Why should it? As the persons to whom it was directed are recognised, so the elements by which it was generated, and on which it was ever feeding, are perpetuated. Still is the image of Christ to be beheld, and in greater beauty; still are devout affections to be exercised, only entirely in gladness and in praise; still are services to be performed, admitting, to we know not what extent, of united action. Everything that is holy has in itself an element of perpetuity. It is a thing for immortality: it cannot die.

What a deep interest this thought attaches to the devout affections of the present world! All that is holy in them revives after death, and lives

for ever in heaven. Alas ! how deeply is it to be regretted that so little of our earthly love is holy, and that so much of it, precious as it is now, should, by our own folly, be destined to extinction. Most happy they whose hearts blend most largely in the joys and sorrows of piety, in the toils of Christian duty, in the patience of suffering and of hope !

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

At first a slow fatigue o'ertook
His limbs so light and exquisite ;
With much ado his slate and book
Wore out the restless hours till night.
He wept at times, when out of doors
The day call'd to him warm and bright.

'Twas but a passing fretfulness,
The smoothing ripples of a stream ;
Around the growth of his distress
God breathed the patience of a dream ;
His eyes that strangely follow'd us
Fill'd inwards with a tranquil beam.

The day came when he rose no more,
But in his little bed remain'd ;
We saw him drifting from the shore,
Faint and more faint his life-star waned ;
His playmates wander'd past the house,
He heard them ; but no more complain'd.

His childish thoughts were upward bent,
The pilgrim river kiss'd his feet ;
The Master of the city sent
Into his soul a message sweet ;
He saw far off the gates of pearl,
And long lines of the shining street.

The hour before he died,
That holy book he loved to hear,
He spread its pictures on the bed,
And spoke of Christ the Shepherd dear ;
The summer night was well-nigh spent,
We little thought his dawn so near.

Silent as water spilt on sand,
His ebbing pulses sank to rest ;
His mother held one little hand,
The other lay upon his breast ;
So calm—so still—the angel wing
Scarce flutter'd as it left the nest.

ALFRED STARKEY.

LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

How many denizens of heaven I know,
Who once with me walk'd through this nether
world,
But now beside celestial rivers go,
And golden streets enclosed by gates empearl'd.
Many whom I have loved, and love, are there;
And ah! how few the scenes of vanish'd years
Save where in memory's retrospect appears
One, and another, now a seraph fair:
It doubts me, whether those who yet remain
To glad life's circle, be in number great
As those I cannot hope to see again
Till I may meet them in a deathly state;
That land, whenever I its shores may see,
Can scarcely seem a stranger's land to me.

EDMESTON.

"FRIENDS AHEAD."

Good Mr Wilberforce remarked shortly before he died, "I have often heard that sailors on a

voyage will drink 'Friends Astern,' till they are half way over, then 'Friends Ahead.' With me it has been 'Friend Ahead' this long time."

What joy to pilgrimage it lends,
For those who near the long-wish'd shore,
To hear the greeting voice of friends
Above the troubled ocean's roar ;
To see them beck'ning on the strand,
Where long they've found a haven of rest,
With loved ones soon to tread that land,
And be with them for ever blest.

Life-water'd paradise ! in thee
Are many souls I here have known ;
A mother's eye oft looks on me,
From her bright seat before thy throne,
And sisters, who, in childhood's days,
First taught my lips to speak God's name,
Their work is now thy endless praise,
Who art through endless years the same.

O haven of eternal love !
O land where flowers immortal blow !
O songs whose blissful strains above,
Are faintly echo'd here below !

O friends not lost, but gone before,
My notes with yours I long to blend,
In ceaseless service to adore
My Saviour, my undying Friend.

EDWARD T. SOUNDY.



For ever with the Lord.

1 THESS. iv. 17, 18.

“Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

JOHN xii. 26.

“If any man serve me, let him follow me : and where I am there shall also my servant be.”

JOHN xiv. 3.

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

JOHN xvii. 24.

“Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory.”

Here kindred hearts' are sever'd far and wide
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all varied cares and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be—
The broken links repair'd—the lost restored;
“So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe;
O'er the dark passages to the gates of heaven,
The light of hope and resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessed life—inspiring word—
“So we shall be FOR EVER with the Lord.”



FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER RALEIGH,
HARE COURT, CANNONBURY.

“And so shall we be ever with the Lord.”—1 THESS. iv. 17.

COMFORTABLE words, indeed! for they open all the future, and shew it to be a future of untroubled, unending life. No death there! men die but once. No sin there; the one offering put it for ever away. No sorrow for lost friends; they are regained in Christ. No fear of change in the presence of the Unchanging One. Above all, no possibility of wandering and falling again into those depths from which we are ascending now.

Striking is the contrast between God's everlasting salvation and any remedial work of man,

either to communities or individuals! The slave is redeemed with ransom price, that "he should not die in that pit;" and with a new light shining on his dark face, he hastes him to the land of freedom, but in some evil hour he comes again within the scope and shadow of the malignant system, and with the charter of freedom in his hand, and with freedom's new affections kindling in his heart, he is sold to slavery again. The conscript soldier returns worn and weary from the wars, hoping to rest in his native village till death; and there comes, perhaps on a calm summer evening, into that village one who has his name on a written list, and who calls him away from the endearments of home, and the sweet charms of peace, to resume the weary march, and go up to the battle-field, from which he will not return; the despot who governs has use for his sinews, for his heart's blood, and he must yield them at the call. The physician, by some rare exercise of skill, arrests the progress of the deadly disease, and beats back the death forces from the quivering seat of life, and now the patient is out in the summer air, with a feeling of the preciousness of life he never had before. The dappled sky,

the green field, the blossoms on the trees, are beautiful with unearthly beauty ; if a child gives him a flower, a violet, or a budding rose, or only a daisy of the field, he can hardly look at it without tears. Soon he is well. A few years pass, and the same physician is at his bedside again ; this time only to soothe his last sufferings, and to tell him, with a kindly voice, that he will perhaps live till to-morrow, but more likely die to-night. And in all human things there is constant waxing and waning, winning and losing, growing and perishing ; nothing is for ever, nothing but God's redemption, which is so "plenteous" that it easily surmounts the changes of these passing years, soars above deathbed and grave, rises into highest immortality, and measures and matches itself there with interminable time. "*For ever*" is the last and highest inscription written on this redemption of God, and it sheds down a wondrous light on all its other qualities. For ever sin is put away—for ever law is satisfied—for ever the nature will be pure—for ever the joy will continue, the knowledge will grow, the love will circulate, the glory will beam. For ever ! Oh, it is a wondrous, an overmastering thought!

We think of resurrection-morning, of judgment-day—"for ever" is beyond them both. We give imagination wing through the great realm of time that will open them, and she flies fast and far along millions of ages with a beat of her pinion, until all our present measures of computation are used, and she flags and falls at last before the undiminished vastness of eternal time, and still "for ever" burns like a star on the brow of the future, until the gazing soul feels as if it were a living part of the everlasting God. We can easily think in this way even of eternity in heaven, until the thought becomes a kind of pain; and we should beware of this, and try to make it only a joy. We should not think habitually of *pure time* alone—duration, ever lengthening out—for that is a conception that will overwhelm our thought in the end. Nor should we fix formally and rigidly on the figures of Scripture by which the heaven and the immortality of the Christian are shadowed forth, and which are given to help, and not to hinder our thought. We are not to think of it as confinement in a city, as dwelling in a house, standing in a temple like one of its pillars, as singing in a great company, or bow-

ing before a throne. These symbols of the heavenly life are taken all from the earthly experience, and are but helps to our earthly thought. The reality! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the beauty and the blessedness of that. And God in His Word leaves us at liberty to clothe it in our own richest conceptions, to think of it as having abundant elements of gratification to our own tastes—in one word, to make it as lovely and as desirable as we can. We may err, but it will be not in thinking of anything too great, or too beautiful, or too good to be given; but in coming far within the scope of the unsearchable riches of Christ and the “plenteous redemption” of God. Why should not we think of an exquisite *variety* there, of which the changing seasons here is but a feeble type? and of a *homeliness* which will be sweeter to our hearts than household circle, the prattle of children, or the tones of dearest love? and of *occupation* that will task but never weary our powers, and make the spaces of quietness more refreshing than evening is after toilsome day? and of *journeys* with angel guides, or with those who have been in heaven long before us, along the far-

stretching vales of paradise, or up the burnished steep of the everlasting hills? Why should we not think of anything that will make "for ever" *beautiful* in our sight, as well as *grand*? And yet the grandeur will always transcend the beauty, and "for ever" will grow more vast and awful as its gates are rolled open in succession to let the King of Glory and His redeemed company in. Oh, who can wonder that the Saviour wept and suffered to win all that for His people! or that angels are busy in ministering to the heirs of so great a salvation! or that saints should struggle and cry amid their imperfections for "more grace" to prepare them for the eternal fulness of so plenteous a redemption! No! the wonder is, that any are found deliberately putting "for ever" in peril! Wasting time! passing opportunities! misusing grace! glorifying littleness! spurning greatness! and travelling on from week to week, from year to year, in the pilgrimage that will never end, in ominous separation from Him who will be crowned the king of all the future, and who alone, in all God's universe can say, "I am the way, the truth, and the life!"

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."

"For ever with the Lord."

Amen. So let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

Here, in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam:

Yet nightly pitch my roving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul—how near

At times to faith's aspiring eye

Thy golden gates appear!

Ah, then my spirit faints

To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,

Jerusalem above.

MONTGOMERY.

SOON AND FOR EVER.

Soon and for ever !
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust.

Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.

When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more ;

When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

MONSEL.

"HOME! LIGHT! HOME!"

"Home! Light! Home!"

The light of a cloudless day,
It breaks o'er the city whose builder is God,
And never shall fade away;
No sun, nor moon, nor stars,
O'er the mansion of rest may reign,
For the Lamb is the Light of that golden land,
The Light is the Lamb once slain.

"Light! Light! Home!"

With the Friend that can never change!
'Midst the boundless stores of a Saviour's love
Unfetter'd and free to range;
He waits with Him there on high,
Who watch'd for Him here before;
And the tide of praise that knoweth no ebb
Swells sweet on the stormless shore.

"Home! Light! Home!"

A home 'mid the ransom'd band,
Drinking of fountains that never fail,
Led by a Saviour's hand.
Never to hunger nor thirst,
Never to faint nor fear;
Only to live in the light of His smile
That guided his footsteps here.

"Light! Home! Light!"

The combat on earth is done;
The labourer wrought for a few short hours,
And home to his rest is gone.
A robe like the driven snow,
A place in the glory fair!
Oh! who would not follow the freed young soul
That basks in the brightness there!

"Home! Light! Home!"

Light in the shadow of death;
Light in the soul from the "Light of the World,"
Light on the path beneath.
A light that for sinners shall shine,
As He shouts in His triumph, "Come."
He tells of the Light of the Lamb once slain,
And points to His glorious home.

"Home! Light! Home!"

Do *you* look to a Father's home?
Do *you* point to the Light that has gladden'd
your path,
And cry to the wanderer "Come?"
Do *you* dwell on a Saviour's truth?
Do *you* yearn o'er the blind man's night?
Go! seek ye the souls that are sinking in death,
And tell them of Home and of Light.

